OCT-3 1930

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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VII — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1930 — NUMBER 8

Pity the Poor Scholar

SCHOLARSHIP has never enjoyed the esteem in America that it has held in Europe. As a matter of fact the masses in the United States have been rather inclined to look askance upon the man of learning, as though knowledge had atrophied his powers of good fellowship. There is more than a little of disapproval attaching to the term "highbrow" as it is used in popular parlance, and the man in the street has yet to discover that the designation may cover as great an interest in baseball and mystery stories as in philosophy. To him it is synonymous with pedantry, and with that academic detachment which can peacefully extract square roots while the battle of life roars around it.

It is, perhaps, not unnatural that a country which in its early stages lived so entirely in its ardors and endurances should for long have found the sheltered existence of the scholar an anomaly. To young America brawn after all counted more than brain, and that democratic principle which made the measure of a man not what he had become through privilege and inheritance but what he was able to make of himself by effort, operated to throw emphasis on ability rather than on culture. The man who sat removed from the strenuousness of a workaday world, pondering the intangible problems of the universe at large, may have had the respect and even the admiration of the community but he did not have its fullest confidence. In the eyes of his fellows he was an unpractical man, uninterested in the small things that made up the sum of ordinary existence, and therefore not to be relied upon to regulate it. Even so lately as the entrance of Woodrow Wilson into New Jersey affairs the scholar in politics has been suspect.

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The legend of the scholar and the highbrow as a person so absorbed in things of the spirit as to be entirely oblivious to the multiple small interests of his day has, however, persisted beyond the facts which may once have justified it. Economic necessity alone, the inability to make from the pursuits of the study a livelihood sufficient to meet the demands imposed upon him and his family by the standards of taste and convention, has drawn the scholar from the retirement of his library into the maelstrom of the market place. He is today a lecturer, a contributor to the popular magazines, a syndicated feature writer for the newspapers, the conductor of trips to Europe, a consultant to a business or an engineering firm, a practicing lawyer, as well as a scholar or a teacher. The faculties of our universities are constantly being recruited from the fields of business and science just as our large scale industries, our law and engineering firms, our financial organizations are constantly drawing replenishment for practical direction from the staffs of the universities. The scholar who is ingrown into his scholarship hardly exists today in America.

And yet the prejudice against the scholar as a man capable of passing judgment upon the contemporary scene still persists. We encounter it every day in our own field where the callow youth, with the ink hardly dry on his sheepskin, frowns disapprovingly when informed that the important biography, the thoughtful novel, the new volume of verse which he wishes to review has been sent to the man who has taught him and his predecessors for twenty years back all that they know of history and literature. His reaction to the statement is uniform—the professor is a less desirable critic than himself because the only guage he will apply in analysis is that of a narrow and rigid academicism. That he need not be less the man because he is the scholar seems to escape these young objectors as completely as that it is not learning of itself that is narrow but some of those who follow it.

There is, to be sure, no substitute for the liveliness of interest, the eagerness of approach, with which youth fresh from the university turns to the literature of its day. But neither is there any evidence—rather is there every proof to the contrary—that scholarship in America today is as virtally concerned with living as with learning, and certainly there is every presumption that this being so, its reaction to the intellectual output of its time will be as pliant and far more informed than that of the tyro.

The Richest Woman

By ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

SHE chops the meat with a golden knife
And cooks it in a golden skillet.
For coal she has a golden hod.
There is always a plenty to fill it.

She has some tongs made out of pearl
To poke the fire and make it burn.
She pours the milk in diamond crocks
And churns the cream in a silver churn.

And when she's tired she has a stool;
It's made of jade with pearls set in it.
She sits down here and wipes her face
And gets her breath a minute.

On Saturday she stirs the cake
With gold, and when the water is hot,
She kills the hen with a golden axe
And scalds her in a golden pot.

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The Boswell Papers.
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Conjured Spirit*

(THE FINAL YEARS OF JONATHAN SWIFT)

By CARL VAN DOREN

"LIFE is a tragedy," Swift said "wherein we sit as spectators awhile, and then act our own part in it." But Swift had never waited for tragedy to come to him. He had always run to meet it. He had, dramatic and perverse, insisted upon playing the most tragic parts. He had identified himself with that "conjured spirit" which a "person of great honor in Ireland" had seen in him when he was young.

Suppose some such spirit had been conjured up by an experiment of nature, by a hoax of nature, and had been let loose among men. The spirit's course would have been like Swift's. The spirit would have brought with it enough angelic light, enough diabolic pride, to make it restless in its human flesh. It would expect to command the inferior beings it outwardly resembled. It would fret when it saw that its flesh condemned it to be mistaken for a creature that was merely flesh. Learning that most men knew nothing beyond mankind, the spirit would regard them as a wilderness of fools. Learning that the few who ruled the many were not much less foolish, the spirit would regard the few as knaves. Both fools and knaves would be repulsive to it.

But the spirit itself, with its burden and disguise of flesh, must be more or less a man in whatever it did. Too much a spirit to become easy among men, it would be too much a man to resist some human beings: men to be friends with, women to love or be loved by. Too much a spirit to be willing to take its contented stand with the fools ruled by the knaves, or with the knaves, it would be too much a man to stand altogether aside and ridicule the world lumbering or raving by. The spirit would, as Swift did, try to make its way by something which was neither the authority of a spirit nor the arts of a man. Divided within itself, it could not trust its instincts to know just what force, what craft was needed at what times. The spirit could be hoodwinked through the man. The man could be deluded through the spirit. Even if the spirit rose to power, it could get only a man's reward, and only the reward of a man handicapped by what the spirit had done to alienate other men.

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That reward would never satisfy the spirit. Sent to govern a province, the spirit would still think of the empire. The respect, the love, the veneration of the province might reward the man. The spirit would despise them. To accept them and be satisfied would be to agree too well with the flesh which the spirit had been conjured to put on. It would not agree. It could not. It must, helplessly a spirit, endure its burden and disguise till they were worn out. It could hardly wear out its flesh. It would have tainted its body with a dark immortality. It would outlive the men and women whose love had made it less wretched than it might have been. In the end it would escape only with fearful convulsions of its heavy carcass.

Swift's lifelong metaphor of the conjured spirit was mythological, but only a metaphor could give reality to a man whose spirit so rode his flesh.

An extraordinary man, with a boundless appetite for power, must master or please ordinary men, or else go unsatisfied. Swift was born without the rank and fortune which are such a man's natural advantages. Worse, Swift was born without the hide of brass and bowels of iron which would have been nearly as good for him as rank and fortune.

* This essay will constitute the concluding chapter of Mr. Van Doren's "Swift," shortly to be issued by the Viking Press.

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He could not climb without caring what he set his feet on. He was clumsy with scruples. He could not take snubs and kicks and stabs as incidental, hardly personal to him, and unimportant so long as he could survive them. He was sensitive to every scratch and had quick, ungovernable impulses to strike back. He could not centre his energies without mercy even for himself. No man is so extraordinary that he can, starting below many of his fellows, scramble past them all without a stubborn, insolent devotion to the main path. Swift was not single-minded enough to master his world.

Nor would Swift rise, as some men do, by pleasing. He would have had to be more supple than he was to wriggle far. Even in an age when it was still barely a disgrace to court a lord, Swift could not court one long. He was more ready to bully than to flatter. And with his equals and inferiors he could or would not assure them that their shortcomings were virtues, their prejudices wisdom. He used a winter speech in the most comfortable summers. Above all, he had no zeal to please, and felt small delight in his small successes. He was half ashamed when he pleased, as if he were a tragedian who had raised a laugh. This was not his part. This was for mountebanks.

Nothing about Swift was more extraordinary than his blindness to the part which he played so well while he was failing in the one on which he had fixed his desire. Still in his twenties, or just out of them, he raged at Moor Park because he had no chance to command. Yet in those same years he flung off a prose satire such as no Englishman had ever written before and such as no Englishman but Swift ever wrote again. In London, scheming to rule among the Whigs or Tories, half winning, and then disappointed after his spell of power, Swift, almost without effort or concern, ruled the wits. In Ireland, where he thought of himself as a despairing exile, he wrote pamphlets that are monuments, poems that added to poetry what was almost a new species. He wrote his Travels in a vain fury of revenge, and entertained the world. On the other side of every failure was a triumph.

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two women famous. He detested Ireland, but he has the eternal affection of the Irish. He loathed the human race, but he has been a delight to it for two centuries. It was his extraordinary fortune to draw an interest of love from a principal of hate.

No doubt Swift should have measured his gifts more exactly and should have put himself into more fitting roles, like any ordinary man of talent. Swift was outside the shrewd discipline of talent. He could not sit down and write prose and verse as if they were sufficient ends. Prose and verse were the weapons he found in his fists, scarcely realizing how they came there. He used them in his tragic role, in the war of his ambition, not because he valued them but because they were the only weapons he had. After he had lost his war, and had given it up as hopeless when he was only forty-five, Swift would never again allow himself to be consoled. He would not see that he had been winning, and still was winning, a great war while he was losing a small one. His pride blinded him.

A few years reverse many verdicts. While Swift was still alive, king of Ireland but pretending to be king of triflers, he had good reasons for foreseeing the true verdict upon him. In the long run, he might have guessed, he would be remembered for what he had written at Moor Park, before he had even tried the world, or for what he had written and done in Ireland, after he had bitterly renounced his expectations. What he had thought his glorious episode, the years with Oxford and Bolingbroke, would look a little shabby. Swift would seem to have been most splendid when he had been most himself, and not the satellite of politicians.

Still, Swift would also have understood, if he had been without his blindness, that simple formulas would not explain him. To do what he had done he had needed the blind obsession of his will. As a lover who does nothing but love is seldom the best lover, so the writer who desires only to write is seldom the best writer. What had raised Swift, scattered and random as most of his writing was, to the first rank among writers, had been the high reach of his pride, the magnificence of his scorn. He had won the war in which he hardly noticed that he was fighting because he had fought with so much passion in a war which was not worth it. It was his passion that had mattered, and not his long illusion. Nature, when it demands prose and verse of its creatures, cares no more whether they are begotten in illusion than it cares whether children are begotten in moods of unreason.

If there had been in Dublin some subtle expert able to pry into Swift's mind and point out how he could resolve his conflicts, how he could make his will submit and take what it could get in place of what it wanted, it might have made Swift happier. Happier and duller. As it was, he went on in his own way of life to his own way of death.

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In April, 1740, he wrote his cousin that he had been "these two days in so miserable a way, and so cruelly tortured, that it can hardly be conceived. The whole of last night I was equally struck as if I had been in Phalaris's brazen bull, and roared as loud for eight or nine hours." After three months he wrote her again.

> I have been very miserable all night, and today extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is that I am not in torture but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be. . . . If I do not blunder, it is Saturday, July 26, 1740.

He had still five years, two of torture and three of a dreadful peace, in which to keep on outliving his friends. He made his will. Accustomed to giving a third of his income to charity, he now became more avaricious than ever, to have more money to give. He shut out the world. His house was his dungeon. His deafness was almost complete, his giddiness almost unceasing.

Blood seeped through the membranes which his sly fate had made too thin, into the labyrinth of his ear. A drop there was enough to overpower him with the din of water-mills, with the thunder of oceans. What was all his pride, what was all his intellect, against this everlasting tumult? It had been beating upon his nerves for half a century. It

in moods of irritation. His reason was clear, when he could rest from the insensate drums that sounded in his head, but his memory was dull and thick. He could not remember the words which he had started to say. In torment and the fear of torment, he could not even tell what was hurting him. He could not bear to see the few friends that remained. They might pity him. They could not help him. His old habits drove him to a furious activity, wearing out his strength. He was all agony and all rebellion. Once he was found threatening his reflection in a mirror. His misanthropy had given up the last exception. He hated himself.

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Yet out of this murk could come an occasional glare that was still Swift. As late as January, 1742, he wrote an exhortation to his Chapter. "Whereas my infirmities of age and ill health have prevented me to preside in the chapters held for the good order and government of my Cathedral Church of St. Patrick's, Dublin," he began. He had heard that various members of the choir had assisted at public musical performances. He would not have it.

> And whereas it hath been reported that I gave a licence to certain vicars to assist at a club of fiddlers in Fishamble Street, I hereby declare that I remember no such licence to have been ever signed or sealed by me; and that if ever such pretended licence should be produced, I do hereby annul and vacate the said licence; entreating my said Sub-Dean and Chapter to punish such vicars as shall ever appear there, as songsters, fiddlers, pipers, trumpeters, drummers, drum-majors, or in any sonal quality, according to the flagitious aggravations of their respective disobedience, rebellion, perfidy, and ingratitude. I require my said Sub-Dean to proceed to the extremity of expulsion if the said vicars should be found ungovernable, impenitent, or self-sufficient. . . . My resolution is to preserve the dignity of my station and the honor of my Chapter; and, gentlemen, it is incumbent upon you to aid me, and to show who and what the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's are.

These are the last words, except in the Cathedral accounts, which Swift is known to have written. The Chapter could have no doubt who the Dean of St. Patrick's was, though he was as old and desolate as Lear. In February, when Walpole lost his office, Swift, who had vowed to buy a coach if ever that should happen, bought a coach. He might have little time left in which to use it, but he would ride through the streets of Dublin exulting over Walpole's followers. All Dublin should know who the Dean of St. Patrick's was.

He fell like a tower, first a rush of warning stones, then a vast collapse. In March guardians were assigned to him by the Court of Chancery. In August a commission inquired into his sanity and found that he was "of unsound mind and memory, and not capable of taking care of his person or fortune, and that he hath been so since the twentieth of May last past." From being irritable he became violent. He raged if anybody, besides his servants, looked at him. "He walked ten hours a day," his cousin said, "would not eat or drink if his servant stayed in the room. His meat was served up ready cut, and sometimes it would lie an hour on the table before he would touch it, and then eat it walking."

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In September and October his torment reached its horrible peak, beyond what even he had imagined in his ruthless account of the struldbrugs. A sudden tumor forced his left eye almost out of its socket. He had as many boils as Job. "The torture he was in," his cousin said, "is not to be described. Five persons could scarce hold him, for a week, from tearing out his own eyes, and for near a month he did not sleep two hours in twenty-four." He had a quiet day or two. When his pain left him his understanding came back, as if his madness had been only agony. Nothing less than a cataclysm could subdue that burning mind. A cataclysm or a stroke of paralysis.

Paralysis brought him the relief of apathy. Swift had submitted. It took him three years to die, but he lived without rebellion. He no longer paced his cage. He would hardly leave his chair. His body got back its flesh. His face lost its wrinkles. His expression was now benign or childlike. He recognized the few persons whom he saw, but he seldom spoke. When he tried to speak, he could not always find words. What he said seemed to come by chance to his tongue, though it was never nonsense. Once, when his housekeeper took a knife out of his reach, "he shrugged his shoulders and, rocking himself, said 'I am what I am, I am what I am,' and about three years about the great mad Dean. One story, not true, was that he sat all day cursing in his chair. Another, probably not true, was that his servants exhibited him for money— "And Swift expires a driveller and a show." The stories, however, are proof enough of the vigor of the legend which had gathered around Swift and which still lives in Ireland. The Irish would not believe that he had hated them as he claimed. His abuse had been affectionate scolding, no rougher than they could enjoy. He had stood between them and England. He was a patriot, a man of learning, very near a saint. There must be magic in him. When he died, 19 October, 1745, the people crowded to the deanery to see his body. They came in reverence. One of them, when nobody was looking, cut off some of his hair, which "was like flax on the pillow."

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He was buried in the Cathedral beside Stella, as his will directed, "as privately as possible, and at twelve o'clock at night." His will was published as a sixpenny pamphlet almost as soon as he was dead. The people would be curious, he had said in his poem on his death, about his will. He left his fortune, nearly eleven thousand pounds, to build a hospital for idiots and lunatics

> He left the little wealth he had
> To build a house for fools and mad;
> And showed by one satiric touch
> No nation wanted it so much.

He left the tithes of the parish of Effernock to the vicars of Laracor "for the time being, that is to say, so long as the present Episcopal religion shall continue to be the national established faith and profession of this kingdom." After that, the tithes should go, "while Christianity under any shape shall be tolerated among us," to the poor of Laracor, "still excepting professed Jews, atheists, and infidels."

To various friends and relatives he left legacies, some of which were his final jests. To Robert Grattan: "my strong box, on condition of his giving the sole use of the said box to his brother Dr. James Grattan, who hath more occasion for it, and the second best beaver hat I shall die possessed of." To John Grattan: "my silver box in which the freedom of the city of Cork was presented to me; in

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which I desire the said John to keep the tobacco he usually cheweth, called pigtail." To John Jackson: "my third best beaver hat." To John Worrall: "my best beaver hat."

In the same document with these dry bequests he left to the world his aching epitaph. It was to say to any traveller who came to see it that the body of Jonathan Swift, Dean of this Cathedral, was buried here in a place where his furious indignation could no longer lacerate his heart. It was to tell the traveller to go and imitate, if he could, this strenuous defender of manly liberty. The inscription was to be on black marble, "in large letters, deeply cut and strongly gilded," and in the stately language of the Church and of the ancient Romans.

HIC DEPOSITUM EST CORPUS
JONATHAN SWIFT S. T. P.
HUJUS ECCLESIAE CATHEDRALIS
DECANI
UBI SAEVA INDIGNATIO
ULTERIUS COR LACERARE NEQUIT
ABI VIATOR
ET IMITARE SI POTERIS
STRENUUM PRO VIRILI LIBERATIS
VINDICEM

The Bolivarian Epic

SIMÓN BOLÍVAR, South American Liberator. By HILDEGARDE ANGELL. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1930.

Reviewed by C. H. HARING
Harvard University

WHO will any longer say that the American reading public is indifferent to the history and political fortunes of our Latin-American neighbors? That this country's imperialists and anti-imperialists, professional or amateur, should put into print their lucubrations about the ultimate fate of the Caribbean peoples is merely a sign of the times. But that three biographies of Simón Bolívar should appear in English within a year, each happily better than its predecessor, is an event. Next December the countries of Latin America, and especially the six Bolivarian republics, will celebrate with elaborate ceremonies the centenary of the death of the Liberator. This most recent "life" by Hildegarde Angell, therefore, appropriately presents itself as a "centenary biography."

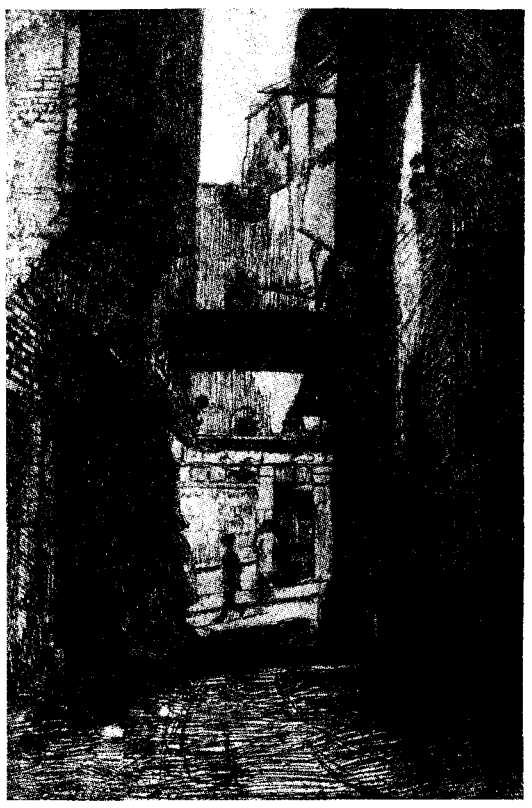
Bolívar, the "Passionate Warrior" of Mr. Ybarra's describing last year, is no less passionate and picturesque under Miss Angell's handling, but the story is somewhat more scholarly and authentic. Mr. Ybarra had read the conventional sources of information, and being himself of Venezuelan ancestry and related through a collateral line of his father's family to one of the companions of the Liberator, wrote with sympathy and enthusiasm, and with some of the rhetorical exuberance that goes with the Latin temperament. It was a good, popular portrayal, but not a work of scholarship.

Miss Angell's book contains plenty of excellent writing, but less pyrotechnic. She proceeds with a more subtle, perhaps feminine, sense of the dramatic, and by reason of her restraint makes the note of great tragedy more intense. She, too, has journeyed in South America, met the descendants, if not of Bolívar, at least of his collaborators, and visited the scenes of his incredible activity. But she has delved more deeply into the literature of her subject. Her work represents a fresh reading of Bolívar's correspondence, and of the many chronicles and memoirs of his companions-in-arms; and by liberal quotation from these eye-witnesses she has given a more faithful and lifelike picture of the Liberator and his environment. Bolívar remains the indomitable warrior, tamer of men and forger of nations, but through all the biographer's enthusiasm peer the human frailties of her subject as well.

There is also revealed a closer understanding, than in the volumes by Vaucaire and Ybarra, of the political and social issues involved, and the Latin-American revolutions are better correlated with contemporary developments in Spain and the rest of the European world. A more intense analysis, however, might have made even clearer the South American *milieu* of this extraordinary civil war. Pictures of eighteenth century society in Caracas and Lima are a bit too fantastic. The true inwardness of the negotiations between Bolívar and the government at Buenos Aires for an alliance against the Empire of Brazil is not at all understood, nor is the report of the celebrated conference at Guayaquil between the Liberator and San Martín very satisfactory. The gaucherie of San Martín is much exaggerated, perhaps to heighten by contrast the aristocratic elegance of his rival.

Bolívar, with all his remarkable qualities of leadership and personality, was not a great military genius, any more than was Washington, although this may be anathema in Caracas. He had had no military education, practical or theoretical, and except for his famous march across Venezuela and over the Andes to Bogotá, which resulted in the freeing of New Granada, he rarely reveals the gift of military strategy. As a tactician his capacity was no greater. Mitre has said, with some justice, that he gained his victories by audacity, by impetuosity in attack, and by unfailing constancy in defeat. As Loraine Petre has pointed out, most of the Liberator's battles "were mere hammer-and-tongs affairs, decided by a bayonet charge, and they rarely amounted to anything greater than a combat between the equivalent in numbers of a European brigade on either side." Bolívar's calculations were often at fault, and he was frequently outgeneralled by Morillo, himself a military leader of no great parts. The important battles of Carabobo and Junín reflect no merit upon Bolívar's tactical ability. Yet of this there is no inkling, either in Miss Angell's book or in that of Ybarra. It may be interesting to note, incidentally, that the Order of the Liberators, founded by Bolívar in 1813 and generously distributed to foreigners and natives who distinguished themselves in his service, still survives in Venezuela, the oldest and most celebrated order of merit in Latin America.

The volume before us is probably the best brief account that has appeared to date, but that it "should stand as the definitive life of the Liberator in the English language" cannot be seriously maintained. Compressed into some 260 not very closely printed pages, it omits much of importance, and in spots the story is decidedly sketchy. There remains a great deal still to be done by that "old-fashioned historian" disparaged in the publishers' blurb. Doubtless the author never dreamed of producing the "definitive biography." She is to be congratulated, however, upon presenting the Bolivarian epic in a guise that is both attractive and convincing.



SWIFT'S BIRTHPLACE
From an etching by Estelle Solomons

André Rivoire, poet, dramatist, and dramatic critic, who died the other day, was an editor of the *Revue de Paris*, and dramatic critic of *L'Echo de Paris* and *Le Temps*. His first play was produced in 1891, and was unmercifully flayed by the critics. In writing of Sarcey's review of it, Rivoire said:

"He tore me to pieces without pity, and so completely and so well that I shortly received a letter from my family in the country saying that if playwriting was my only reason for staying in Paris I might as well come home now as later."

Rivoire was the author of four volumes of poems. These were "Les Vierges," "Barthe aux Grands Pieds," "Le Songe de l'Amour" and "Le Chemin de l'Oubli," which was crowned by the French Academy in 1904. Among his plays were "La Peur de Soudrir," and "Le Bon Roi Dagobert."

The Incas of Peru

MACHU PICCHU, A CITADEL OF THE INCAS. By HIRAM BINGHAM. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1930. $50.

Reviewed by WALTER CLINE
Harvard University

IN the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries of our era, the Incas of Peru developed a high and well-integrated culture, and extended their empire from the mountains of Central Ecuador to the deserts of northern Chile, and from the eastern summits of the Andes to the Pacific coast. Their home was the highlands; their civilization was the last of a long Peruvian series. In many arts their neighbors had excelled them. The fine pottery styles of Nazca and Chimu on the coast, with their vigorous painted and modelled figures; the classic stone carving of Chavin and Tiahuanaco in the highlands—all more ancient than the Inca period, some, perhaps, as early as the first century of our era—find no equal in the arts of the Incas. But the Incas turned their energy to more practical ends. They stood foremost among American Indians in road-building, masonry, metallurgy, and the political and military sciences.

Machu Picchu (spelled *Makchu Pikchu* by Dr. J. C. Tello, himself an Andean highlander) is the name of a peak in the Andes of Southern Peru, rising ten thousand feet above the sea; but the title has been applied by explorers to the Inca citadel which clings to the ridge between this peak and a smaller eminence to the north. On three sides the citadel was defended by the precipitous canyon and rapids of the Urubamba; on the fourth side, by the sharp summit of Machu Picchu Mountain.

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Peruvian explorers of the nineteenth century had heard of these ruins, and the site had been visited by hit-or-miss treasure-hunters; but it was not until 1911 that the Yale Peruvian Expedition drew attention to the real importance of Machu Picchu. Between 1912 and 1915, joint expeditions were sent there by Yale University and the National Geographic Society, under the leadership of Dr. Hiram Bingham. They cleared away the forest which had hidden large parts of the ruins; they made plans, drawings, and photographs in detail; they discovered and explored the ancient roads leading to the citadel; they collected objects of Inca industry and art, as well as skeletons of the old inhabitants, from the ruins, refuse-heaps, and burial caves; they brought these collections home to Yale for careful study. From time to time, the various phases of the work were modestly published in scientific and other forms. And now, fifteen years after the return of the Expedition, its leader gives his final account in a fifty-dollar volume.

Chapter I describes the first stages of exploration at Machu Picchu. The author reminds us of the difficulties in reaching the site, and in opening lines of transportation; of labor problems with gangs of unwilling Indians; of days spent in unsuccessful prospecting; and the constant hazards of work in a country so mountainous, rocky, and thickly forested—conditions often ignored by critics who stay at home. Much of the material of this chapter was published by Dr. Bingham in the *National Geographic Magazine* for April, 1913. It reflects great credit on the engineering force of the Expedition.

The next chapter, concerning the roads which connected Machu Picchu with the Inca capital at Cuzco and with other towns, has special interest, since it deals with one of the highest achievements of Inca civilization. To maintain an empire in such a region the construction of roads and trails was as necessary as it was difficult. Exploring these trails, after centuries of landslips and jungle growth, required much courage and ability.

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The author goes on to discuss the plan of Machu Picchu, the various buildings, and the types of architecture and masonry. The numerous illustrations are supplemented by two large, exquisitely drawn plans at the back of the book. The builders of Machu Picchu employed the "Cyclopean masonry" for which the Incas are famous: large blocks of stone, each gently convex on its outer surface, were laid without mortar, and keyed together rather than simply set row on row. The solid beauty of this construction has been well portrayed in Dr. Bingham's photographs. Nearly as remarkable are the long stairways cut from bedrock. The author believes that there is evidence for at least two different periods of building; that the fine "Cyclopean" walls belong

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to an earlier period than the roughly made walls often superimposed upon them.

He next gives a brief summary of Dr. G. F. Eaton's full and detailed paper on "The Collection of Osteological Material from Machu Picchu," published in the Memoirs of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences in 1916. Only 147 skeletons were found. Of these, twenty-two were definitely adult males, and 102 seemed to be adult females. Most of the male skeletons showed "inferior physical development." Many of the women may have belonged to the religious order known as the Virgins of the Sun, who occupied convent-like establishments in Inca times. Dr. Bingham is certainly right when he says that "the bones of the men who built Machu Picchu have disappeared," and that "some may have been buried elsewhere."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

We next find a discussion, and a superb set of collotype illustrations, of Machu Picchu pottery. This chapter is unusual, almost unique, among recent articles on Peruvian pottery, in showing no effort to bring the material into relation with pottery styles from other sites and periods. It lacks even a comparison with other Inca pottery. One would think that within the last fifteen years the author would have found sufficient time to make such a comparison, and sufficient space in so sumptuous a volume to publish briefly the results. Twenty-eight per cent of the pottery vessels found at Machu Picchu are of the arybal form, or large carrying- and storage-jar; with narrow, concave neck, low handles, low shoulder, and pointed bottom. Now in Peru the arybal is exclusively an Inca type. Its nearest relative, apparently, is the burial-urn of the Northwestern Argentine, with its low shoulder and low handles. We find a connecting link at Machu Picchu, in the burial of a child in a "wide-mouthed aryballus, or pithos." Dr. Bingham does not even mention the possible significance.

He observes that many designs of Machu Picchu pottery seem derived from basketry technique. True; a platitude in archæology. But how does this fit in with the history of Inca pottery in general? Fortunately he does not use the basketry-prototype theory to explain the prevailing geometric character of the painting on Machu Picchu vessels, and the rarity of figures from life. He offers a different excuse for the Incas' reluctance to paint the human figure on their pottery, in contrast to the exuberant development of painted and modelled human figures in ceramics on the coast.

> This was probably due to the necessity which existed among the Peruvian highlanders of always having their bodies well clothed. , . . As a result of this, custom would decree that any exposure of arms or legs was indecent. . . . would lead to the practice of using geometric patterns and designs in pottery decoration rather than the human form.

This explanation is truly naive. It does not explain the lack of animal and floral forms. Human faces and figures were portrayed in highland cultures earlier than the Inca, and were modelled—though not painted—in Machu Picchu pottery. The human forms on the pottery of "the warm tropical coast lands" are usually fully clothed, not to say muffled up; and many Indian tribes of Brazil, who go practically naked, paint their pottery exclusively with geometric figures.

Though Dr. Bingham gives a detailed description of Machu Picchu pottery, and its relation to various parts of the site, I have chosen this chapter for special criticism, because one expects an archæologist not only to know his pottery thoroughly, but to use it sensibly.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The next chapter, on the metallurgy of Machu Picchu, takes up the "two hundred little bronzes" and the "few pieces of silver and tin," discussing their technical and artistic qualities and their probable uses. That the Incas mixed copper and tin purposely to make bronze, that they regulated the tin content "largely by the adaptability of the metal to casting for a particular purpose," and that they understood the technique of cold working and annealing, were the freshest and most significant discoveries from Machu Picchu. The author bases his treatment of the metallurgy on the report of Dr. C. H. Mathewson, of Yale University, who analyzed the bronzes.

He next deals with "objects of stone, wood, and bone"; notably a large series of little stone discs and "dice," which he believes were "counters," and preceded the invention of the knotted string record of the Incas; and two finely decorated rectangular dishes.

In the last chapter Dr. Bingham tries to identify his late Inca citadel with the legendary Tamputocco, the "hidden and sacred city" where, according to tradition, the ancestors of the historic Inca dynasty lived for more than five hundred years; or with Vilcabamba the Old, referred to in Spanish chronicles as "the largest city" in the province. He bases his arguments mainly on Spanish sources, especially on Spanish versions of Inca folklore. Most archæologists prefer to reconstruct the history of a site from the material actually obtained there, with the aid of equally concrete data from other places; and if Dr. Bingham had made proper use of his Machu Picchu material, he might have reached a more defensible, though perhaps a less spectacular, conclusion.

The features which recommend this book to lovers of fine printing, illustrating, and binding and appeal to the rich lay-patrons of archæology, will procure for it, at the best, only an indifferent welcome among archæologists themselves. Genuine students do not value an archæological work by the grade of paper on which it is published, or by the unnecessary beauty of the plans and illustrations. For them, a high degree of usefulness in a book is the only justification for paying a high price. Very well; cutting the pages of "Machu Picchu," what do they find? A good summary of a difficult and important piece of work, composed mainly of material with which they have been familiar for more than ten years. Information which, confined to a group of late Inca ruins, contributes very little to the solution of the fundamental problems of Andean archæology. Speculations, entertaining and sometimes plausible, but not remarkably well founded. Students have needed "Machu Picchu," and the few who find it accessible will use the best parts of it; but they will regret that it has appeared in a style so exclusive.

A Very Proper Gentleman

ADVENTURE. By MAJOR-GENERAL J. E. B. SEELY. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

MAJOR-GENERAL the Right Honorable J. E. B. Seely, P.C., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., has always been "Jack" Seely to his friends, among whom are included virtually everybody who knows him and many who do not. He has lived a full, interesting, and fruitful life; has fought with distinction in two wars; has served his country in parliament, in many government offices, and as Secretary of State for War; has changed his political party without sacrificing personal or political friendships, and has dined with everybody worth dining with, from Queen Victoria downwards. Now, in the afternoon of his life (he is sixty years of age), he writes an account of his career and entitles it "Adventure."

The title is well chosen. From his childhood on, life for Jack Seely has been just one adventure after another. In part, no doubt, this is because adventures are to the adventurous, and Seely is one of those fortunate mortals, gifted with an incurable optimism and zest for living, who step out joyfully to meet whatever life has to offer, with a conviction in the back of their minds that something exciting is almost certain to lurk just around the corner.

Apart, however, from this natural aptitude for making the commonplace exciting, adventures have crowded in upon General Seely in an astonishing fashion. In his opening chapter he tells us:

> Each of the elements—earth, air, fire, and water—has threatened me in turn. I have been drowned, and revived by artificial respiration; fallen a greater distance than is thought possible for survival, and yet still live; faced a hostile rifle at fifteen yards, when a miss was impossible, and been unaccountably spared; experienced a burst petrol tank at 4,000 feet in mid-air, yet not been burned to death; and over and over again on the western front have found myself alone, unharmed, when everyone of those around me has been killed or wounded.

All of these remarkable escapes from death the gallant general subsequently substantiates by chapter and verse in a narrative that is often a good deal stranger than fiction and that holds the almost breathless attention of the reader from start to finish.

In the midst of a life that has included adventures so diverse as experiences in volunteer life-boating, a quite idyllic romance in New Zealand with a Maori princess, the campaign in South Africa, and finally the Great War, the two years which General Seely spent as Secretary of State for War seem almost tame by comparison; yet those two years were rendered memorable by quiet but efficient preparations for the war that by this time was considered all too possible, and also by the threat on the part of Ulster of armed resistance to Home Rule and the much misunderstood refusal of British officers to lead troops against an "enemy" who was frantically protesting his loyalty to the Union Jack. The whole thing was a comedy—very nearly a tragedy—of errors due to an odd series of misunderstandings all around; but it led to Seely's resignation, in the spring of 1914, and hence to the fact that when war came in August, Seely, instead of running the show from Whitehall, went to France as Special Service Officer on Sir John French's staff. Since the job took him daily to the front line and later led to his promotion to the command of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade, there is little doubt that Seely was far happier in it than he would have been in a swivel chair at the War Office.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

It was while serving as a staff officer that Seely was called upon to rescue the future premier of England from durance vile and present the apologies of the Commander-in-Chief and the Adjutant-General. "Some idiot at Dunkirk," as French put it, had arrested MacDonald because his permit was not in order, and French was furious. Seely quickly adjusted matters and then took the future premier, an intimate friend, on a tour of the Front where, by accident, they came under heavy fire and the pacifist labor leader behaved with the coolness of a veteran. The incident is worth recording because of the erroneous versions of the affair which have it that MacDonald was arrested because of his pacifism.

With an interval for recuperation from severe wounds, Seely commanded the Canadian Cavalry Brigade until after the March retreat, in which the Brigade won deathless distinction. He was badly gassed during the fighting and returned to England in May, 1918, thus concluding his active service.

This is a pleasant book to read, and at the end of it one feels one has made acquaintance with a highly agreeable personality. There is an almost boyish enthusiasm, an irresistible buoyancy about Jack Seely which is invigorating. And there is no bitterness. The enemy is a gallant foe and fighting still a chivalrous adventure, especially fighting on horseback. For Seely advances convincing arguments for the efficiency of cavalry in modern war: the cavalry saved the day, he says, both in the retreat from Mons and in the March retreat of 1918. Field Marshall Lord French and Winston Churchill are among his heroes, and both, in his opinion, were hardly dealt with during the war; but though he is an ardent champion of his friends he apportions no blame for their treatment. Queen Victoria, King Edward, King George, the Prince of Wales, and all the royal family command General Seely's devoted loyalty and admiration, as do Balfour and Asquith and other political leaders of the two parties in which he served. The South African generals, Botha and the rest, were brave enemies and became fast friends, and it has been the same later with certain of the German high command. Altogether a very proper English gentleman this—gallant, genial, debonair. It is a pleasure to meet him.

The London *Times* appended to its recent review of J. B. Priestley's new book, "Angel Pavement," the following note: "The arrival of a good companion for Mr. and Mrs. Priestley is announced on page 1, column 1."

As an expression of admiration for his personal qualities, friends of the Irish poet, George Russell, better nown as Æ, presented him with a purse of $4,000.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 7. No. 8.

The Saturday Review is indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Ancestor of Modern Poetry

BAUDELAIRE. By LEWIS PIAGET SHANKS. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES ORRICK

WHEN Barbey d'Aurevilly (was it he?) declared that if one had read Baudelaire and had understood him, one had only two courses, *se brûler la cervelle ou se faire chrétien*, he must unconsciously have been thinking as much of Baudelaire's life as of his poetry. Mr. Shanks reminds us that "a poet's life is his works, far more than the adventures of his body"; and this is doubtless true enough of most major poets. But one cannot help feeling that of Baudelaire it was not true. He was one of those men whose real vocation is to be an artist in life. He was prevented from fulfilling his ideal—that of the dandy—by lack of will power, aggravated by that worst of all evils for a sensitive soul, lack of money. He took refuge, through drugs, in the *paradis artificiels*, and his life was a horrible failure. His poetry is a success.

Even his poetry, however, was unfortunate from a worldly point of view. The volume which Baudelaire had confidently expected to restore him in the eyes of the world—and how much that mattered to him is shown by his prayer, "O Lord my God! vouchsafe me the grace to produce a few fine verses which shall prove to me that I am not the worst of men, and that I am not inferior to those I despise" —"Les Fleurs du Mal" had the opposite effect. It was ill-received by his mother and attacked in the law courts of the Second Empire. Sainte-Beuve, who might have lent a helping hand and who liked, as he said, to *sonner le premier coup de cloche*, remained always strangely aloof.

"This 'misunderstanding' of his life's work was due to a great injustice," explains Mr. Shanks. "The court considered and judged his poems piecemeal, under a microscope. No one saw that the book was not an album of unrelated verse, but a series which taken as a whole can only inspire a horror of vice."

This is almost as bad as the original misunderstanding, which Mr. Shanks says Baudelaire "euphemistically termed his condemnation." But Baudelaire was never the man to indulge in euphemisms. He said himself that those who judged his poetry by its influence misunderstood it, whether they judged it good or bad. "Je sais que, dans les régions éthérées de la véritable poésie, le Mal n'est pas, non plus que le Bien." His purpose was to distil the essential poetry from apparent evil; and whether one chooses to place the emphasis on the beauty of the flower or the evil of the root, his volume could bear no other title than "Les Fleurs du Mal."

* * *

In viewing Baudelaire's life, perhaps the most fundamental thing one observes, as with so many Romantic Frenchmen, is his tendency to dramatize. Wounded to the quick as a child by the remarriage of his mother to whom he was passionately devoted, he never allowed himself to recover from the shock. "One doesn't marry again when one has a son like me," he said. And, in the words of Mr. Shanks, "as he had first exaggerated his rôle of Hamlet in his attitude toward his stepfather, so he travestied his role as a brother of Poe, a *poète maudit*. . . . One thinks of Poe's 'Berenice' in reading that note in his diary where he refers to his maniac ancestors, in solemn palace halls, victims of their terrible passions. He wished to see himself as a martyr to his exceptional nature and to his education, a monster, and yet a victim." He dramatized others equally with himself. Of Jeanne Duval he made a devil, and a Platonic divinity of Madame Sabatier. His preoccupation with his mother and his disillusionment when he realized her weakness made him long for a woman fitted "to warn, to comfort, and command"; and in his poem, "L'Idéal," he cites Lady Macbeth and Michelangelo's figure of Night. That the actual women in his life fell so far short of this ideal was one of the causes of his life's failure.

Baudelaire's emotional dramatization was largely unconscious, but in the intellectual sphere he was conscious of playing a part. "En parfait comédien," he says, he desired to "façonner son esprit à tous les sophismes comme à toutes les corruptions." This is the meaning of intellectual dandyism, that ideal which is one form of protest against the leveling of democracy. Its outward sign is a meticulous personal elegance; even in his most wretched circumstances, Baudelaire spent two hours dressing. Unlike that of Gérard de Nerval, however, who anticipated some of the vagaries of Oscar Wilde by leading a lobster down the Champs Elysée with a blue ribbon around its neck, Baudelaire's dandyism was eccentric only by the sobriety which distinguished him in an age of extravagance in dress. A lover of the beautiful, he thought, should show it by his dress and manners. The dandy's hero is the one who not only is different from the bourgeois, but shows it. In the end, when Baudelaire became devout, his dandyism survived, as Mr. Shanks thinks, in the desire to become a hero and saint.

Dandyism is a form of symbolism, and it is no accident that of the two contemporaries to whom Baudelaire felt himself most akin, Delacroix was always dressed elegantly in the English fashion and Wagner had a passion for satin dressing gowns. Baudelaire's artistic affinity with Wagner, particularly, is very striking. "Les parfums, les couleurs, et les sons se répondent," he says in "Correspondances," which is identical in principle with Wagner's theory of the music drama. He found in "Tannhäuser" the perfect symbol of the conflict he himself expressed in "Les Fleurs du Mal," and his late conversion finds a counterpart in "Parsifal." The descendant of Poe, of Albertus, of Choderlos de Laclos, and of the Latin poets of the Silver Age, Baudelaire is the ancestor of modern poetry as Wagner of modern music and Delacroix of modern painting.

How and why this is true it should be the object of a work on Baudelaire to show. The majority of English critics have merely placed him at the head and front of the "fleshly school," while Mr. Symons, unfortunately, touches nothing that he does not adorn. On this critical problem Mr. Shanks is not particularly illuminating. Neither, on the other hand, is his book primarily a biography. No scenes live again in his pages, and most of the characters remain names. The love affairs are especially unreal—the reader does not feel he knows Jeanne and Madame Sabatier, and the effect of the quotations from the poems is greatly weakened by translation. (Though faithful in sense and largely faithful in rhythm, Mr. Shanks's versions have little of the glow, the intensity, or the overtones of the original. Poetry, as has been so often said, is virtually untranslatable. In a new language a poem is either a different poem, or, more frequently, no poem at all.) Baudelaire's mother is a mere shadow, and the figure of General Aupick comes alive, paradoxically, only in the grave, and that in the very last sentence of the book. Baudelaire's father, however, is always real. But, most important of all, only on one or two occasions does one feel very near to Baudelaire himself.

In short, excellent and interesting as Mr. Shanks's book is, one is not quite sure what his object was in writing it. There is Baudelaire the man, Baudelaire the poet, Baudelaire the translator and critic, Baudelaire the ancestor of Verlaine and Rimbaud, of Mallarmé and Paul Valéry. With the Baudelaire who was all these and a man of genius, Mr. Shanks, in spite of many glimpses, never comes quite face to face. A work which accomplished this would fulfil a real function. For Baudelaire lives on today, not only in his own works, but in those of his successors.

In the Name of Education*

(*Fable of the Man who while Climbing the Tree of Education became Lost in the Higher Branches and was Forced to Descend.*)

ONCE upon a time there was a man who set out to understand Human Nature. So he went to an Institution where the Higher Learning was in Full Blast and told them of his intention.

"Just look at that!" they said proudly, handing him an Enormous Volume in which were enumerated all the Subjects of Study.

He had not gone far in his perusal when his eye fell on the word Anthropology.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "'Anthropology—that means Man. This is the Place for me." So he plunged in hopefully.

He learned that among the Belindas of Uganda the warriors are forbidden to Disembowel their Enemies during the time of the Full Moon. When asked to explain this custom they invariably reply, *root ti ti toot* ("it is not good form.") This, he was assured, threw a Flood of Light on Morality. The Obese Indians regard flatulence as a Mark of Inspiration. Those who exhibit unusual Capacity in this kind are highly esteemed among them and are set apart to become Medicine Men. This, he gathered, shed a positively Blinding Glare on the nature of Religion. Along with much other interesting information he learned that the So-Sos, a tribe of Australian Blackfellows, pierce the ears, nose, and lips with splinters of wood in order to accentuate their beauty; that the Thuds, cave-dwelling pygmies of Java, hold the bat to be sacred; while to the Klick-Klacks of Korea, on the other hand, it is evident that a god has chosen to incarnate himself in the Bung tree. At times of religious excitement they make themselves drunk on the sap of the sacred tree and commit Nameless Excesses.

From all this our student was asked to conclude that civilized man was little better than a Primitive Savage.

Continuing his research in the list of subjects, he came, not without fatigue, to Psychology.

"Aha!" he exclaimed. "'Psychology'—that means soul. *Now* we are getting to Business."

He began with White Rats. He subjected them to a number of tests, the conditions of which were quite remote from the ordinary experience of rats. When they became bored with the Absurd Performance and refused to play any longer they were "stimulated" to renewed activity. After an exhaustive series of experiments he emerged from the laboratory with the following results: first, rats can be taught to go to dinner when the dinner bell rings. Second, rats when stimulated by electricity show signs of displeasure. Third, rats when starved exhibit symptoms of hunger. All of which proved either that rats are very like human beings or that human beings are very like rats. His instructors preferred the Latter Version.

He was then promoted to Abnormal Psychology. He was introduced to the case histories of a large number of Hysterical Females. The data were on a little less unsavory than the interpretation given them by the Authorities. He went on to the comparatively clear and bracing airs of Insanity. He was given the privilege of visiting asylums where he could study the human mind in all stages of disintegration. The impression left upon him by this investigation was that we are all more or less "dissociated," and that every human being harbors in his Unconscious a demon crafty and obscene.

He sat down at his desk and added together what he had learned in his various courses. This is what it came to: Man is a rat-like savage suffering from demoniacal possession.

He put his head between his hands and groaned.

"We are not amused," he said.

The next morning he strode into the Dean's office and confronted the Dean.

"I'm going back home," he said; "but before I go I want my money back. This place is a Fraud. I came here to learn about. . . ."

The Dean heard him through to the end. Then he pressed a button at the edge of his desk.

"Miss Barton," he said, "tell Professor Rinderpest that I can see him now."

As our student passed the open window of the office, he overheard the following fragment of conversation.

"Who was that angry looking youth that just went out?"

"Oh, just another freak. Said he had come here to study human nature, and, as he did not get what he wanted, demanded his money back. If *that's* what he wants to learn about he should sit at this desk of mine for a week."

Moral: Human nature begins at home.

CHARLES A. BENNETT.

* This Fable was among the papers left at his death by the late Charles A. Bennett.

Professor Alfred Zimmern, Deputy Director of the International Institute of Intellectual Coöperation, Paris, has accepted the invitation of the Oxford University Board of Electors to the Chair of International Relations at Oxford established by the gift of Mr. Montague Burton. Mr. Zimmern, who is the author of numerous books, was from 1919-21, Wilson Professor of International Politics, University College of Wales, and from 1922-23 Acting Professor of Political Science at Cornell University.

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Book Club Selections

High Life Under King Edward

THE EDWARDIANS. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON

MISS V. SACKVILLE-WEST, who is Mrs. Harold Nicolson, moves in the atmosphere of "the Bloomsbury group," of which the higher luminaries are Virginia Woolf, the Sitwells, Rebecca West, and Lytton Strachey. She springs from a noble stock, and has celebrated that dynasty in "Knole of the Sackvilles." She is an ardent traveller. This is her sixth book. Her writing is sophisticate, elaborate, and, alas, compound of several manners. Well, too well, she knows her Henry James, her Meredith, her Galsworthy, her Woolf. People who move deliberately in a certain atmosphere seldom breathe freely. I find this book labored and artificial, and frankly wonder at its choice by a book club as a tidbit for the American audience.

The hero is a young Duke, heir and slave to the ancient estate of Chevron. His mother is a still charming duchess with the morals, or amorals, of her class. She is bored at having a nearly grown son and a marriageable daughter. Sebastian is still at Oxford. On his majority he will take over the estate, and on his marriage the duchess will cease to be mistress of Chevron and decline to the status of dowager.

The scene opens on a house party at Chevron. Sebastian is at home on a holiday and in his usual offish mood towards his mother's guests. The men condescend to him and the women try to make a pet of him. He enjoys, as one of the guests says, the charm of patrician adolescence. He is a virgin, just about ready to succumb to the flesh.

Most of the duchess's guests are of her own circle, the world of fashion whose denizens are so mysteriously determined without regard to rank or wealth or breeding: "Strange hocus pocus, that juggles certain figures into prominence." Sebastian regards them restively. Another male, an outsider present in his role of lion, looks on them with more active curiosity. Anquetil is a Briton of humble birth who has acquired the manner and mood of a gentleman, and being now a famous explorer is admitted for a moment into the inner chambers of "society." He is a dark, interesting fellow with a scar, and the duchess not too subtly invites him to an intrigue with her own Grace. He recoils and escapes, but not before he has won the friendship of Sebastian and the love of his sister Viola.

Among the duchess's intimates and contemporaries is Sylvia, Lady Roehampton, a professional beauty now nearing the end of her career. Lord Roehampton is a dull and worthy fellow without suspicion of his wife's well-known infidelities. Now she is moved to make a lover of her friend's son, young Sebastian. He succumbs to her at once, and the intrigue is presently recognized and accepted by the whole fashionable world, including Sebastian's mother. The duchess thinks it quite a good arrangement for her son, since it keeps him out of vulgar messes, and postpones the inconvenient hour of marriage. Such liaisons are commonplaces of the great world. The affair runs along comfortably and almost openly till somebody sends a parcel of letters from Sebastian to Sylvia to her husband. Whereupon that lord carries her away from Sebastian and from London and from England. Her goose is cooked.

Sebastian mourns her loss, rather absurdly, but is now moved towards a very silly vulgarian, Teresa, wife of a poor London physician. She is fascinated by his rank and surroundings, but when he tries to exercise his *droits de seigneur*, he discovers that middle-class Teresas have a different code from patrician Sylvias. So he determines to marry the girl his mother has destined for him, "the dullest, nicest, and plainest girl he could find." By now he has become pretty thoroughly shaped in the mould of his tradition. When Edward dies, Sebastian goes dutifully to the coronation of George, in all the panoply of his rank. The ceremony is described in detail. Coming away from Westminster in the family coronation coach, he sees through the window the lean, scarred face of the explorer Anquetil, whom he has not seen for six years.

Sebastian stops the coach, takes Anquetil aboard, and suddenly appeals to him to "pull him out of it," to rescue him from his fate as a great landowner and peer of the realm. Anquetil and Viola, he hears, have been writing to each other all these years, and have now agreed to marry: but not now. Anquetil is leaving England at once for another three years's adventure. He challenges Sebastian to go with him:

> "Come with me, and learn that life is a stone for the teeth to bite on. Then after three years you may perhaps come back with some sense of proportion. Or there may be a war, by then, which will kill you off. I've no doubt that you would behave with great gallantry. and I'll even admit that Tradition, by which you set such store, will serve you then in the stead of experience."

So our doughty adventurer and man of the people proses along, quite like a book. We are to suppose that Sebastian (who is rather an empty fool but for his title and possessions) is moved by it to follow Anquetil somewhere, anywhere, and to learn something to his advantage from the experience. No, I must own there is little for me in Sebastian, he is a doll among a carefully manipulated company of dolls. If it is true, as the author's preliminary note alleges, that "no character in this book is wholly fictitious," it is also true that none of them achieves or approaches reality. The book may be read (once) for its satirical picture of aristocratic England in the easy days when good King Edward reigned.

—*The Literary Guild.*

A Master Financier

MORGAN THE MAGNIFICENT. The Life of J. Pierpont Morgan, 1837-1913. By JOHN K. WINKLER. New York: Vanguard Press. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MR. WINKLER has written a popular biography, a book for the crowd—which is all that the subject at present permits. A scholarly and satisfying life of Morgan cannot be written until the family and the House of Morgan unlock their archives, and for evident reasons that will not be in the near future. At present the best that can be done is to gather from the newspapers, the financial magazines, the reminiscences of such men as Dr. Rainsford, who was Morgan's pastor and spiritual adviser, and the biographies of such financiers as James Stillman, such railway heads as E. H. Harriman, and such industrialists as Judge Elbert H. Gary, all the materials bearing upon Morgan's career, and to assemble a partial biography from them. That was done by Carl Hovey in his "Life Story of J. P. Morgan," the only previous history of the great banker's career. Mr. Winkler has had at his disposal much fuller data. He has made very full use, for example, of books by John Moody, Anna Robeson Burr, Ida Tarbell, George Harvey, and George Kennan that were not in print when his predecessor wrote. He has had the good sense, also, to avoid the excessively laudatory tone that detracts from the value of Mr. Hovey's biography. But he has produced nothing more than a spirited sketch, which will please the general reader without satisfying the student.

The outstanding merit of this volume—which is a decided improvement upon Mr. Winkler's popular and caustic life of Rockefeller—is its readability; its outstanding defect is its lack of expertness. If a masterly life of Morgan is ever written, it will be by a man who combines the roles of economist and historian, and Mr. Winkler understands neither too well. But he does understand how to give a quick, vivid impression of a social scene, how to tell a story with vigor and interest, and how to render a portrait of his hero. In this book he had a fascinating tale, and there is not a dull page in its narration. No one should go to him for an account of the nation's financial situation in 1895, when Cleveland was waging his courageous struggle to maintain the gold standard; and yet even this page in our history is extremely well told. The reader will catch the drama of the situation—Cleveland battling with the silverites in Congress, Pulitzer mercilessly assailing Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle, Morgan and August Belmont waiting with their syndicate proposal for the purchase of gold. What the reader will not get is meticulous accuracy of detail. Mr. Winkler, for example, recalls the well known fact that Cleveland did not know until February 7, 1895, when Morgan called his attention to the matter, that among the general powers of the Secretary of the Treasury was the authority to purchase coin with the bonds and notes of the United States. Mr. Winkler puts some words of wonderment and relief into Cleveland's mouth. The President, he writes, assented. "The Government had surrendered to that inevitable power known as Morgan." But there was no such surrender. When Morgan urged the President to buy $100,000,000 in gold under the law, Cleveland rejected the advice.

In his intentness upon telling a good story, Mr. Winkler singles out the high spots. These are fairly obvious: Morgan's work in bringing the battling Pennsylvania and New York Central railroads to terms; his work in railway reorganization after the panic of 1893; his assistance to Cleveland in 1895; his share in the Hill-Harriman battle; the organization of the United States Steel Corporation, our first billion-dollar company; the Northern Securities merger, and the ensuing contest with President Roosevelt; and his work of financial salvation again in the dark days of 1907. The advantage of dealing with these salient episodes, and leaving out routine chapters on banking and corporation organization is that the author can keep his tale always at the highest interest. The disadvantage is that he retells many stories that are now rather old, and does so without adding anything that is new. His Northern Securities chapter, for example, shows no such effort to accumulate fresh data as was revealed by Mark Sullivan's chapter on the same subject in "Our Times." Moreover, by thus limiting his story Mr. Winkler makes his book a slender volume—there are 312 pages—and omits much on which we really need new light. For example, we get almost nothing on many of the special railway reorganizations, like the Chesapeake and Ohio; almost nothing on the International Mercantile Marine fiasco; almost nothing on the relations with Morgan, Harjes in Paris and Morgan, Grenfell in London, and just what they meant.

—*Business Book Club.*

Swan Song

THE DANCE OF YOUTH. By HERMANN SUDERMANN. New York: Horace Liveright. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD EHRLICH

IF "The Dance of Youth" were the effort of an obscure writer one would fling it summarily to the limbo of pot-boilers. But this is Hermann Sudermann's last work before his death; this is a pitiful commentary on the decline of a fine creative power. For the man who wrote "Magda," "The Excursion to Tilsit," and "The Wife of Steffen Tremholt," it is an incredible swan song—gross, stupid, and altogether lifeless.

The book's chief character is a young German Fräulein, Stumpy Ludicke; and her amorous antics between her sixteenth and seventeenth birthdays comprise its substance. It plods forward in the best, or more properly, the worst cinema fashion, with wooden types posturing against lush trappings; with Stumpy becoming a woman of the world, and liking it. There is Dr. Shadow, dentist for idle rich women, a Lothario with "melancholy eyes that looked forward languishingly from deep sockets lit up by strange lights and threateningly crowned by thick-semi-circular eye brows . . . what eyes! what extraordinary eyes!" There is Herbert, the gigolo, with a sneer and a heart of gold; Gudrun, the sophisticated modern girl who knew what she wanted from life and went for it, mouthing smart aphorisms on her far from lonely way; and old-fashioned mamma and papa, hopelessly behind in knowledge of the "new" love-lore; and the middle-aged suitor, hide-bound and provincial, with more money than sex-appeal; and Stumpy's one true mate, the handsome Fritz, who wore outrageous socks, had romantic notions, and a self-control that was Stumpy's despair. There is a seduction, moonlit dancing halls, "arty" gatherings, night clubs, all making a veritable handbook on modern love for young girls. Here are a few of the profundities:

> A kiss is the beginning of all the evil. For once a girl has been given a kiss, she feels more is wanted of her.
>
> It seems to me that a kiss is something sacred and one has no right to bring contumely upon it even in fun.
>
> Seduction, indeed! Just as if every woman did not want to be seduced. . . . Every girl knows how to fan the flames, though we all of us pretend to be extinguishing them.

And the book is filled with such brilliant dialogue as this: "I bet you anything you like, Kiddoo, that you'll make your way in the world. The way you throw a leg and waggle your esteemed behind . . ." Neither on land nor sea was ever such talk. The translation, rendered by the hitherto workmanlike Eden and Cedar Paul, is uniformly slovenly and often ludicrous, in entire keeping with the book's low tone.

"The Dance of Youth" is a sorry performance in every way. One leaves it with regret that such a work has been chosen by a book club for widespread distribution, and the wish that Herman Sudermann had been content to pass the long wane of his life and power in a dignified silence.

—*Book League of America.*

The Incomparable Holmes

THE COMPLETE SHERLOCK HOLMES. By A. CONAN DOYLE. Memorial Edition. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930.

To review the Sherlock Holmes tales at this late date would be a mere work of supererogation. Even to laud their compelling interest in this particular journal where Christopher Morley's appreciation that serves as introduction to the Memorial Edition has so recently appeared in the columns of his Bowling Green would seem to be superfluous. Suffice it to say that between the covers of two neatly bound volumes appear all the stories in which Conan Doyle's incomparable detective plays a role. Surely here is a royal feast to set before the lover of detective literature.

—*The Book-of-the-Month Club.*

Prairie Life

BLACK SOIL. By JOSEPHINE DONOVAN. Boston: The Stratford Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

THE desolate life of the pioneer is again laid before us in the hope that our sympathies will be stirrred and our historical sense sharpened. This time, a prairie section of northwestern Iowa is the scene, a section where in the 'sixties the railroad had not yet substantially penetrated, where a neighbor several miles away was a neighbor indeed, and where German, Dutch, and Irish settlers had the country largely to themselves. The Yankee was a rare bird, and the Indian, though he appeared erratically here and there, was more than anything else a bogey-man to frighten the children. Desperately earnest farming filled the days of these settlers, and the fight to harvest their crops in the face of fire, drought, and insect plagues was only occasionally won.

To this life came Tim and Nell Connor, enthusiastic from the East, where, in Northampton, Massachusetts, they had been well fed and safe, though restless enough to start West. They brought to Iowa memories of New England greenness, of economic placidity, and of such odd trifles as the time when Nell "went up to Cattle Show with my uncle, and we met the Panifers. They took us to Dickinson's with them for tea. Emily was serving it on the veranda of their large house. She is a poet. . . ." But in Iowa there was little poetry that even the most resolutely Celtic household could discover; there was merely the tiring lack of trees and hills. In all this, the Connor children grew up, and a stray young orphan girl was adopted. The struggle for existence was never quite in vain, though the philosophic patience of Tim and Nell was frayed almost beyond recognition as hardships and calamities accumulated. But somehow their tempers kept fundamentally serene, and at the close of the novel they have, beyond doubt, come out the victors over their fates.

The story is one of atmosphere, essentially. It will remind many readers of "My Antonia," and as a picture of foreign-born pioneers it is not wholly overshadowed by Miss Cather's novel. Though it is never written with quite the skill that was necessary if we were to feel exactly as Miss Donovan wished us to, "Black Soil" is usually pointed, so to speak, in the right direction. Miss Donovan is straightforward and honest; it is too bad that she lacks so many of the qualities that might have given her novel real effectiveness.

—*Catholic Book Club.*

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SOME RECENT FICTION

M. Capek's Contes

MONEY AND OTHER STORIES. By KAREL CAPEK. New York: Brentano's. 1930. $2.50.

THIS book will be a surprise to readers who know M. Capek as the author of those melodramatic and satiric fantasies, "R. U. R." and "The Insect Play." These stories are remarkably restrained, both in conception and execution, *contes* in the continental manner rather than the plotted short stories we are accustomed to. The smallest single incident, if it is significant, the most commonplace character, if that character changes, are enough for M. Capek. For example, the whole of "The Shirts" is the story of an old bachelor who suspects that his housekeeper is robbing him, searches her things, and finds some stolen shirts of his, but decides to keep her on with a caution; but she leaves in a passion of genuine indignation at his suspicion, for, says the author, the most insulting suspicions are those that are justified.

Some of the stories may be considered slight to a fault; and in one or two his desire to extract all possible value from his material has led M. Capek to labor his points a little, especially where, as in "The Shirts," he draws a moral that would have been better left to the reader's perception. But the best of them have a microscopic clearness. The title story, a family quarrel over a tiny fortune that leaves every one unhappy, "Three," in which a husband causes his wife to get money from her lover and damns all three of them, would not disgrace Maupassant. Indeed, the whole is reminiscent of Maupassant: though there are no overwhelming calamities like those of "The Necklace" and "A Coward," there is a sense of the heartbreak of small misfortunes and the disintegrating effect of minor faults, and this keen sensibility is combined with a pitiless detachment, quite in Maupassant's manner.

This indifference is most evident in the most impressive story in the book, "The Tribunal," in which an officer who has sat on a court-martial and condemned a man to death goes out into the moonlight and hears a vast voice say "There is no law." He argues passionately with the voice, but it replies only in unimpassioned negations, denying his successive postulates, "There is no justice," "There is no conscience," and finally, "There is no God." After all, in spite of the contrast between the restraint of "Money" and the extravagance of the plays, it is not really surprising that this collection of tales should have been written by one who expressed his opinions about *mankind* by writing a comedy of insects, and his feeling for the oppressed by a melodrama about machines. In the short stories, Capek's own absence of compassion for his characters may increase or diminish his readers' sympathy for them. Most people, it seems likely, will be repelled, but a few will be strongly attracted by the tone of this book, which is cold but very clear.

Martin Luther in a Novel

BROTHER LUTHER. By WALTER VON MOLO. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

WALTER VON MOLO has chosen Luther's crucial appearance before the Diet of Worms in 1521, the events immediately leading up to his "great decision" which initiated the Protestant revolt, as a focal point in which to study the reformer and his time, and to attempt an interpretation of his character and of forces which aided and opposed him. In elaborate detail he has presented a series of scenes introducing the chief actors in that decisive drama: the Emperor and his advisers, the Elector of Saxony, the Archbishop of Mainz, the Papal legate, and a host of minor actors selected to represent the social forces of the age, the peasants, the clergy, the burgers, the knights, all grouped around Luther and affecting him or being affected by him. Within the narrow limits of these few days Herr von Molo attempts, by dramatic synthesis, to achieve his interpretation of Luther and his period. It is an interesting and hopeful project. The period of the German Reformation has been more intensively studied than almost any other in history; for the famous Diet of Worms there is a wealth of documentary material; most of the principal actors have left writings which cast light upon their characters and views; and the lapse of four centuries should permit a calm judgment. It is in just such tasks of imaginative synthesis as this that the novel can offer its chief aid to the understanding of history. Herr von Molo is a poet and a scholar; his reputation in Germany is considerable; one is led to expect great things.

One's disappointment is, alas, complete. Herr von Molo may have studied the documents of the period, but he must have read them in the light of the good Lutheran histories he was taught from when a school boy. It is discouraging, after nearly a century of critical history, to find a historical novel stuffed with stories that Walter Scott would have been too wary to repeat. Perhaps a novelist is not bound to the letter of the truth, and anyone is free to believe that Luther's decision was an altogether fortunate one for Germany and Christendom, but it does not help maintain the reader's confidence to paint all Luther's adversaries in the blackest hues of hell and all his friends clothed in angelic light. It is true that the German humanists of those days—who were pretty free with their pens—repeated insinuations about Alexander and Chievres, Carraciolo and Barroys, which quite warrant Herr von Molo's portraits; but to swallow those stories whole and utterly reject the tales their Catholic adversaries spread about Luther and Frederick the Wise is scarcely the way of historic wisdom.

Incidentally, it may be noted that Herr von Molo is the kind of writer who lays great stress on the peculiar beauties of the German soul, the special tenderness of the German conscience, and the unique importance of the historic mission of the German people. The great catastrophe of nationalism, which some of us still remember, does not seem to have brought about as much abatement in this kind of writing as might have been expected, and though its most efficiently organized production is now under Mussolini in a land which prior to 1914 was happily almost free of it. Germany and France are still going strong. The naïve belief that one's own soul is more to God than the souls of other men, that one's own family or class or nation has a special importance in the divine scheme of things, may not be without value, but it is a hopeless vantage ground from which to attempt the interpretation of history, or indeed to achieve in any sphere that wider understanding without which modern man is inevitably damned.

THE WIVES OF MEN. By DAVID MCCLOUD. New York: Longmans, Green. 1930. $2.50.

DOMINATING this whole book is the figure of Fanny Vrooman Stresser, mother-in-law of Gail Orcutt Stresser, the ostensible protagonist. The ruthless, overbearing women is a type which has been done so much of late that it becomes rather wearisome, but it has not often been done with Mr. McCloud's skill. For half the book you are desperately hoping that Fanny will get what is coming to her; but when she does you presently feel as sorry for her as did her daughter-in-law Gail. Mr. McCloud has done very well with Gail too, the better educated girl from outside who married into the hill village ruled by the Vroomans, and presently found that her whole life was absorbed in the struggle to maintain some little degree of independence. All the characters are truthful and vivid, and the picture of life in an out-of-the-way village thirty years ago is a little too faithful to be enjoyable reading unless you have a strong stomach.

She Knew What She Wanted

ELFWIN. By S. FOWLER WRIGHT. New York: Longsmans, Green & Company. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

FOLLOWING the success of "Deluge" a few years ago, several more of Mr. Fowler Wright's novels were offered to the American public, with no result but to raise the suspicion that he was a man of one book. That was a mistake. "Elfwin" has not the power and originality of "Deluge," but it is a historical novel very much above the average, full of meat and shrewdness and containing three or four admirably drawn characters.

The history is that of England at the beginning of the ninth century, when the Danes had overrun the eastern part of the country, and Wessex and Mercia, the Saxon realms, were fighting for life against the invaders. Alfred the Great had stopped them; but his son Edward who was king of Wessex, and his widowed daughter Ethelfleda who was lady of Mercia, were having their hands full holding what they had won. You will read a good many books without striking a better piece of writing than the opening chapter which describes Ethelfleda's capture of Derby—a chapter which not only gives you the setting and a battle scene, but gives you Ethelfleda—a strong-minded woman who knew what she wanted, and usually got it.

But her daughter Elfwin also knew what she wanted, and what she wanted most was Sithric, the Danish king of Northumbria, with whom she had fallen in love while he was a hostage at her mother's court. Sithric wanted her too, and was willing to make concessions that disgusted his hard-boiled Danes in the hope of getting her; but Ethelfleda had set her heart on marrying Elfwin to her cousin Athelstan and thus uniting Saxon England.

What happened? That would be telling. But most of it happened by the contriving of Sithric's friend Bear Thorkeld, the Viking, who had performed such feats of heroism that he could affect to cultivate a pose of timidity, and stay out of wars he considered too risky, and devote the energies of his later years to fitting out an expedition to investigate shipwrecked seamen's tales of a fair land beyond Greenland, in the western sea. If Mr. Wright cares to give us a story about what happened to Thorkeld and his band on that voyage, here is at least one customer for him.

Thorkeld and Elfwin and Ethelfleda are first-rate characters, as much as you can ask for in one novel; it does not greatly matter that Sithric is little more than the conventional juvenile lead. Mr. Wright does his pictures and his narrative with vigor and economy, and with a plausibility that convinces you against your will that Elfwin really might have preserved her virginity through an appalling sequence of vicissitudes, till she and Bear Thorkeld applied a little casuistry to an Irish priest and got her released from an inconvenient vow of chastity. A good tale; but a reviewer who holds that a reader has some rights must point out that it would be easier going if Mr. Wright had stuck to modern colloquial speech for his dialogue, instead of dropping after the first few pages into a pseudo-Anglo-Saxon reminiscent of "The King's Henchman"; and also if a map had been provided for those whose early English geography is a little rusty.

War at Its Bad Best

THE PATRIOT'S PROGRESS. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

MR. WILLIAMSON'S war book suffers less than would most of its type from following its predecessors, for it is only by comparison with them that one can appreciate its peculiar virtue, a studied moderation. Mr. Williamson must even be glad that certain phases of trench life are no longer artifically shocking, for he does not wish to shock, but to convince. His book is an overwhelming argument *a fortiori*. His purpose is clearly to show the Western Front as it was, not at its worst, but at something close to its best, and to make the reader feel the sufferings of the sort of man who would suffer least.

Hence his hero, Private Bullock, is deliberately left as little individual as may be. We know only that he is a plodding clerk, insensitive and unimaginative, not given to worrying about the future, unusued to luxury, and habituated to obedience. He is simply the common man turned private soldier. At the end, indeed, the author allows him a speech such as might be made by an emblematic Everysoldier in a morality play: invalided home with one leg, Bullock is told by a swell on Armistice Day, "We'll see that England doesn't forget you fellows."

"'We are England,' said John Bullock, with a slow smile." That is perhaps a false note: Bullock is after all intended for a human character and not an allegorical figure, and as a character he is too dumb, too bovine, to have made that splendid Retort Unanswerable. But that is the only possible objection to the character; everywhere else Bullock is perfectly consistent, a type, but not a symbol.

He is lucky everywhere, to judge by the other books. He encounters no bullying N. C. O.'s; his higher officers sometimes make mistakes in their unprecedented circumstances, but there is no conspicuous incompetence in the staff, such as abounds in other accounts of the war. Thus the total effect of "The Patriot's Progress" is terrible, because there is no possible loophole for the reader's escape. In reading many of the war books one takes some comfort from the thought that it cannot have been so bad as that everywhere and for everybody; this book forces home the conviction that it must have been at the very least as bad as that.

The text is accompanied by many line cuts by William Kermode in the brutal manner of Masereel, which are charged with their share of the story; the epilogue, the maimed soldier doing poor work and lucky to get it, is shown only by the collaborator. Together the text and pictures rise in a crushing crescendo. The accusing *testimony of this book is not the least impressive.*

Merry Tales

THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED. LEONARD MERRICK. Dutton. 1930. $

THERE must be many admirers of Leonard Merrick who recall as better even than his novels—excepting always his masterpiece "Conrad in Search of His Youth"—the short stories collected under the title of "While Paris Laughed." In his brief sketches and tales the author has a Gallic lightness of touch. Fun is his aim and dexterity his watchword. Particularly can he be delightful when he writes of the more Bohemian circles of the French capital. With a ludicrous situation, a few lovably simple-minded people, and some spirited conversation translated verbatim from the French idiom, he can concoct an irresistible little tale. It is light, it is quickly forgotten, it may reveal neither much deep knowledge of human nature nor much ingenuity in plot, but while it lasts it is a joyous affair. Lovers of the pranks of Tricotrin and Pitou may turn to this new collection with a sure expectation of a pleasant hour. The opening passage of one of the first tales strikes the keynote:

"Pompous firemen, a century old, are growing in the park, and stables run about in them," read the young man.

"No, monsieur. 'Stately fir trees, of that age, are growing there, and squirrels run about in them,' replied the professor of French, with a frown.

Here we find recorded what happened to the hungry M. Poupon when, walking home in his shabby second-hand dress suit one night, he was haled in by a strange lady to save her dinner-party from the disaster of thirteen at table; what happened to M. Dutripon, whose virago of a wife had, to his intense relief, run off with a lion-tamer, when he set out on the trail to exact vengeance; and what happened when MM. Gosselin and Champeroux, rivals for the hand of a beautiful lady, sought to gain honor in her eyes by boldly volunteering to stay for a night in a house cursed with a murderous ghost. Tricotrin and Pitou, alas, appear but once. That is in a merry tale called "The Departure of Papa," wherein they essay to rescue a poverty-stricken old actor from a boarding-house where he is unhappy. There are some stories of English people and places also scattered through the book, but they somehow do not belong here. Mr. Merrick's light and sunny art, in these brief pieces, best fits light and sunny Paris.

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TOES UP

Paolo Monelli

This is Italy's greatest war book, the story of the Alpini, perhaps the proudest and toughest corps engaged on any front. As one English reviewer said, "They had mud in Flanders; in Italy they had avalanches. This war among the precipices and snow-laden forests seems like another campaign altogether." And it is different. In their lonely position amid the Dolomites, the Alpinis' success depended on individual courage and prowess, not on machines and mass effort. Hard drinkers, swearers, and champion scroungers, they lived brutally and died heroically. Of their hardships, their peculiar humor, and their heroism, this book is the moving and enduring monument. "Wren could not have written it better." —"Sphere." Translated by Orlo Williams. Illustrated. $2.50.

WIND from the SEA

Ruth Blodgett

Author of BIRDS GOT TO FLY

This is the story of the testing of Miriam Dickerman, in whom Boston faded gentility and New England reserve struggle with a lust for adventure and freedom. The two men who loved her were the mirrors in which she saw herself; to one she was zestful and courageous, to the other a standpatter, restrained by caution bred in her through generations of convention-worshippers. Miss Blodgett, in exploring this conflict between a woman's traditions and her need to work and love, tells a sympathetic, human story. $2.00.

GOG and MAGOG

Vincent Sheean

The barbarous passion of a Russian prima donna sweeps a young American into the heart of the New Russia. Here, in the formless intense existence of Moscow, he meets an American girl communist whose restless mind has thrown her into the turmoil of the Russian and Chinese revolutions. The climax which they share is the direct, tragic result of pitting emotion against cold logic, and the story becomes an arresting commentary on the human significance of New Russia's social and political creeds. $2.00.

HARCOURT, BRACE
383 Madison Ave.
New York

Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

WE have now received the third revised edition of Louis Untermeyer's critical anthology, "Modern British Poetry" (Harcourt, $3.50), the companion volume to his revised "Modern American Poetry" upon which we commented not so long ago. These revised editions are chiefly notable for the larger number of selections from each poet and for the amplified critical paragraphs on each. In the British book the calendar has been moved back from 1840 to 1830, thus presenting a wider background, and beginning with Christina Rossetti, forerunning the women lyrists. It embraces just a century. Mr. Untermeyer's preface describes the main tendencies of that century briefly and accurately.

Of this anthology as a whole it should immediately be said that it is excellent. It is a collection so much more intelligent than the general run of anthologies that there would be absolutely no point in instituting any particular comparison. For the period it covers it has a right to be considered the authority. But this is not to say that we do not take exception here and there to certain statements contained in it and certain idiosyncrasies of choice.

Mr. Untermeyer is generally right in his judgments, but he possesses the faults of his virtues and every now and then he characterizes with an air of finality that which demands qualification. For an instance: there can be little doubt today that Christina Rossetti was a poet superior as an artist to Elizabeth Barrett Browning. But when Mr. Untermeyer refers, at the beginning of his book, to the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" by the latter as "those over-colored and heavily-drooping wax-flowers" the impression he conveys is a wrong one. If the sonnets beginning "If thou must love me," and "How do I love thee?" are wax-flowers and not, as they truly are, simple and direct utterances of the heart, we do not know the accent of sincerity when we hear it. As a matter of fact, it could easily be proved that beside them Christina Rossetti's exquisite song, "A Birthday" (much as we have always admired it) is highly artificial.

Then there are the choices—and where, by the way, is a single poem by Rachel Annand Taylor? Arthur Symons's lyric beginning "As a perfume doth remain" is more haunting than any Mr. Untermeyer includes save perhaps "In the Wood of Finvara." There is one of Mary Coleridge's, ending "When there passes a woman with the West in her eyes and a man with his back to the East," that is everlastingly memorable and is not here. There are certain of Yeats's later poems from "Responsibilities" that would seem absolutely to have demanded inclusion. We could have spared such poets as Victor Plarr for them, as we could have spared his poetry (and the poetry is good) for Newbolt's "Death of Admiral Blake" and "He Fell Among Thieves." In regard to Newbolt we simply cannot agree that "The Linnet's Nest" (1927) discloses a "quieter—and better—poet." That is hastily said. "Commemoration" held no loud thunders and is profoundly impressive, and we will always be stirred to contend that such a poem as "The Guides at Kabul" is not only a trumpet-note but an extremely difficult and triumphant achievement in metre. This is so also with John Davidson's "A Runnable Stag," though in the latter case, as in the case of "He Fell Among Thieves," we realize that Mr. Untermeyer is endeavoring to avoid poems too greatly anthologized. Nevertheless, he has included others of this kind.

However, when all exceptions are taken, the wealth of fine poetry contained in this book is incontestable and we also admire very much the inclusion of Lewis Carroll and W. S. Gilbert at the outset. Certainly we are given variety. T. E. Brown's inimitable speech is resurrected following on Christina Rossetti (though why "My Garden" reappears—God wot! God help us!—must remain a mystery). We applaud a fragment of Watts-Dunton's "Christmas at the 'Mermaid'," whence we leap to "Jabberwocky" and other divine nonsense, followed suddenly by William Morris's knight-errantry. Upon that the mighty, sombre organ music of James Thomson's "As I Came Through the Desert" rolls forth. His "The Vine" is placed last, but then straightaway we are pitched into W. S. Gilbert's recitation and song. Follows Swinburne. It is, on the whole, an invigorating journey. It is anything but monotonous! Hardy has a long section. Doughty, impossible to excerpt from, is given the proper full comment at least. We cavil at having more Gerard Manley Hopkins than Robert Bridges. Bridges is positively the greater poet. But we cannot find it in our hearts to cavil at so much Henley. Alice Meynell is properly winnowed—but did not William Canton write the remarkable "W. V. Her Book"—not poetry to be sure, but deserving mention in the note on him? We could otherwise have spared his "Nature's Magic" and even F. W. Bourdillon's "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes." Particularly since we sigh for lack of Fiona MacLeod's "The Washer at the Ford," about as characteristic of this incarnation of Sharp's as any poem could well be. Also, as to Sir William Watson, his famous poem concerning the sting of death,—where is it? Otherwise he is fairly represented.

We have mentioned what we had to say concerning Yeats, though he is accorded much space as it is (and we are not taking the poets up one by one, but skipping many). The three perfect lyrics of Herbert Trench are well chosen, though they give no idea of his narrative power. The Rudyard Kipling section is eminently fair. We ourselves should have substituted for "To a Traveller" by Lionel Johnson his far more telling and characteristic "Dark Angel with Thine Aching Lust." We admire some of T. Sturge Moore's poetry very much, but how we could have spared "A Duet" again! Yet—three cheers for Belloc's lighter vein, included here, as well as his more serious verse. We can rarely read W. H. Davies any more without a parody of Mr. Untermeyer's own popping into our mind. But he is well represented. And here are Synge, Nora Chesson, Eva Gore-Booth, and Moira O'Neill, for an Irish interlude, though later on it seems to us that the selections from Padraic Colum are quite a bit too much hallowed by anthological tradition. His "Monkeys," "Bird of Paradise," "Jackdaw" are so wonderful!

And for "Gray Matter" and "There Shall Be More Joy" by Ford Madox Ford we should far rather have had entire his long poem "On Heaven," to go with "A House." But this shall terminate our cavilling. You will find all the fine moderns here, Hodgson, De la Mare, Chesterton, Bottomley, Thomas, Masefield, Monro, Gibson, Abercrombie, Stephens, Flecker, Charlotte Mew, Anna Wickham, Lawrence, Humbert Wolfe, Sassoon, Brooke, the Sitwells, Aldington, Sackville-West, Owen, Sorley, Graves, Blunden, Roy Campbell, and many, many others. The representations are generous. (Whereupon a final croak will creep in—where is Fredegond Shove's "The New Ghost," among her others?) Here is an infinitely companionable volume for your winter evenings, if you love poetry. It is a liberal education in modern English verse.

John V. A. Weaver's latest book of poems is issued by Knopf ($2) and entitled "Turning Point." The greater part of it is, as usual, in the American idiom. Narratives are, however, interspersed with uncolloquial sonnets, and there is a section at the end entitled "Rigmarole." The first narrative deals with a man bullied by circumstances into desperation. He contemplates suicide. Then his averageness intrudes. The second narrative tells what peculiar peccadillo gave the heart of a war hero to a private nicknamed "Dopey." The third, "A Labor of Love," shows how a wife-to-be transformed an artist-soul into shrewd practicality. "Laddie Boy" explains why children shouldn't be drafted into the movies, and "The 'Rod Lacy' Hat" and "Extra" are two serio-comic sidelights on that great and heart-breaking industry. "Life of the Party" is a common man's tragedy. And then Mr. Weaver gives us a personal experience in "My Son Stands Alone."

The pendant "Rigmarole" is chiefly fooling, save for "An Old Tune Reset" and the final "Middle-Aged." (Well, if Mr. Weaver is now middle-aged, we must be an octogenarian!)

This poet's strength lies in a quick, sympathetic understanding of the ironies of life as they affect the ordinary, the extremely ordinary, individual. He is no mere versifier of slang. The case of Saunders, in "Turning Point," is lugubriously real. Life had him down on the deck, rubbing his nose in it. Naturally, the worm finally turned. He was off in his poor old Ford to end this ignominy forever. And then the release of his feelings in triumphant objurgation came through a small and extremely modern circumstance. And that proved his safety-valve. Once the steam blew off he perceived the means of rehabilitating himself in his own mind, the meat for an ephemeral brag.

(*Continued on page 126*)

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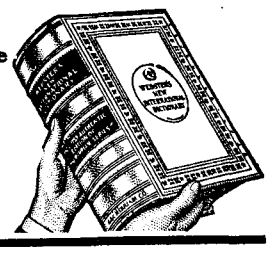

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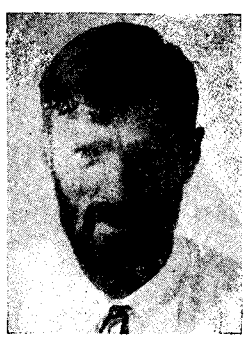

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The French Economic Background

By G. Hirschfeld

FRENCH literature has taken on new life; not that the increase in volume is considered in importance, not that the arguments of French writers are more heated than they used to be, not that any great personality is dominating the literary field—no, just the life, the aspect of life is different. And the war is responsible for that! All through the decades before 1913 France was tired; a great nation vanquished by Germany in 1870-71; the flaming spirit of revenge burning down steadily enterprise and activity; population failed to increase, the Panama Canal project fell through, industrial expansion efforts suffered serious mishap, the political particularism formed another handicap in the development of a nation, already tired and undecided. Then came the war and, in 1918, victory—and made another, a new France, with her national ardor flaming as in old days.

The efforts of writers and thinkers became more real, more serious, more tangible. Before the war, internationalism and its application was largely confined to the trio of Anatole France, the unbiased humanist, Romain Rolland, the moralist, and Jean Jaurès, the socialist. Today, internationalism and its force in national policies and economic tendencies is something very real and very actual and its spirit has created men like Briand. It is, then, no wonder that during the years since the war there has in French literature appeared a definite trend in the direction of those principles that govern the economic evolution as well as the national development of France. The problems which are facing French writers grow out of social, political, and economic difficulties, and they are as distinct in their shape as they are definite in their purpose.

Dominating the social and economic background of literature in France is, of course, the war and—contrasting with it—peace. The great exponents, Clemenceau and Briand, Foch and Poincaré, aside from many others, have not been able to conceal the real issues:—the tremendous wave of nationalism fighting the adherents of the Pan-Europe idea, the army of those who believe in a colonial empire arrayed against the democrats of the post-war era, the imperialists and the irreconcilables with hatred against the former enemies of their country, but also against Italy and the United States and Russia, contesting the faith and the will of those who prefer a peaceful Europe to the renovation of Napoleonic tradition and glory. These are the issues, and they are reflected with many brilliant variations in present-day French literature.

But not everything that glisters is gold! In spite of the enormous riches that have fallen to France after the armistice, in spite of a self-confidence that is now greater than ever, and in spite of her being the foremost military and perhaps economic power on the continent, France has been passing through a critical period just as practically every other European nation has. Before the war France was a predominantly agricultural country; through the return of Alsace-Lorraine French industry has gained new power, and the shift from an agricultural to an industrial nation has neither been easy nor has it been completed. Contrary to the German, the average Frenchman is not so much given to organization as to improvisation, and this characteristic has left traces in the post-war reconstruction work, be it in industry or agriculture, in the city or in the country. There is, to cite one instance, social insurance which was introduced long ago in the more progressive countries of Europe because the prosperity was not such as to protect people from the uncertainties of old age, sickness, unemployment, etc. There are about two and a half million employees, four and a half million workmen, and another three and a half million agricultural and home workers, or a total of ten and a half million in France for whom there is no social insurance at all. "Political parties," said a Frenchman to me some time ago, "are very active and progressive in political and worldly things, but as far as the welfare of the people is concerned, we still have a long way to go!"

In foreign affairs, which occupy much space in recent French books, three developments must be distinguished: one is intimately connected with Russia and Marxism, another with the United States and capitalism, and the third with the reflection of French influence and power, i. e., capital, in the world market. The tendency in all of these regards has hardly changed since the end of the world war. Read the new book "Au delà du Marxisme," by Henri de Man, who tries, just as in years past, to give incontestable evidence of the bankruptcy and collapse of Marxism. It seems, however, as if these and other utterances about Russia were not purely dictated by intellect and analyzing intelligence, but were prejudiced to a certain extent. Life in Paris is strongly penetrated by the spirit of the Russian *emigrés;* besides, the famous French tradition of "liberté, egalité, fraternité" is not without a distinct flavor of personal liberty which is not exactly typical Marxism. Finally, the economic situation of France has improved so vastly since the war, the abundance of capital is such that the class struggle of the communists hardly finds the right soil for its seed. Still, the French Communist Party is not wholly unimportant and there are really fine books about the doctrine of Marxism, too.

The United States is another issue that fires the imagination of the writers; first, as an ally; second, as a creditor; third, as a competitor. The two latter relationships exceed the former in importance, and, accordingly, there is not much sympathy for America to be found in present-day French books. There was recently a book published, titled "Ce Qu'il Faut Connaître de l'Âme Américaine," written by Régis Michaud, in which the great American nation reflects itself in business, flappers, talkies, liquor, football, quick-lunches, self-made men, community chests, drug stores, ready-made goods, etc. Now, here once more we apparently find a bit of prejudice not so much because of the fact that France is a debtor or that the United States has become a very serious competitor as because the American style and fashion incite all the sarcasm, the *esprit*, the originality, and fine wit the French writer knows to handle so well—at the expense of the subject, of course. And it is not all a joke; the bitterness and head-shaking prevail on many an occasion for hardly any reason but that the American talks business when he means it while the Frenchmen (and for that matter, the German, the Italian, the Russian, and others) talks about the weather or women or horses or art—and means business, too. Not the purpose is damned but the means leading to it; the dollar is welcome, but don't talk about the debt.

In world affairs, finally, France plays a singularly important role, at least in European countries, since she is the financial centre of the old world. When reading books about Latin-America and Asia and the Near East and East Europe, one might as well remember that the capital export from Paris is very considerable, and so is the cultural influence of France in general and of Paris in particular. In South America the "hacendados" and their wives speak of Paris as the *ciudad de la luz* (the city of light); they send their sons to Eton and Oxford but their women to Paris for shopping—and go themselves to Monte Carlo. But to return to the financially predominant position of France. Among the countries which have obtained loans are: Jugoslavia, Peru, Lithuania, Rumania, Finland, Chile, and how many other nations. As the attention of the smaller countries in the world is more and more focused upon France as a potential source of financial support, less attention is given to the United States where most of these smaller loans have been placed so far.

By winning the war, France and her people have been rejuvenated; her financial status, industry, and commerce have been brought back to a sound basis. This period of renovation has not failed to reflect properly upon the after-war literature, fiction or biography, history, short stories, novels, and so on. There is new life among the French writers. The only question is whether they will go further and their spirit last longer or whether the economic upward swing of the French nation will prove of more durability. The chances are that the writer and his spirit are intimately connected with the material well-being of his country; this has proven true of the past and it is likely to be just as true of the future.

An Argentine Novel

EL DESTINO DE IRENE AGUIRRE. By Martin Aldao (hijo). Paris: Grasset. 1930.

Reviewed by Hermine Hallam Hipwell

FIRST novels of undoubted promise are rare finds in Buenos Aires, where fiction is mostly a matter of luck, a casual hit or miss business, driving to despair the conscientious reviewer, and leading foreign readers to conclude that nothing of any merit is written by Argentine authors, a conclusion which is certainly unjust, though it must be admitted that Argentine literature at the present moment is strongest in the realm of the ironical essay and the delicate regional sketches. Therefore, the publication of a first novel by the son of Martin Aldao, the well known Argentine essayist, came as a welcome surprise to all interested in the literary future of the country. For here was a young man—still in the very early twenties—a student who had spent most of his time in Rome and Paris, publishing a first novel whose plot was concerned with the lives and the emotions of Argentines abroad.

The subject is a comparatively new one—for few Argentine writers have ever left the safe security of Buenos Aires, its cafés and low haunts, for the simple reason that funds have been lacking and trips to Europe not to be embarked on without a certain amount of financial backing. It is thus not surprising that the majority of Argentine novels, written during the last few years should have dealt with the least attractive aspects of life in the city—the thinly veiled misery of the lower-middle classes or else the cheap crudity of night clubs, dock-side haunt, and the life of the "maleantet" or evil-doer—miserable fiction depressing to read and luckily destined to oblivion. "El Destino de Irene Aguirre" belongs to a totally different school. In the first place, the author is accustomed to the elegance and the intellectual pleasures of life in Europe, history and art appeal to him, they form a pleasing background for the characters of his novel, characters who, while typically Argentine in their Latin attitude toward life, have yet a veneer of European culture. It is a change to meet gentle folk in an Argentine novel, at any rate men and women accustomed to travel, to the appeal of historic associations, refined and quiet in their speech. And Martin Aldao's characters are certainly Argentine, yet with this difference that their attitude is mellower than that of the home-staying variety.

The plot centres round the love—unhappy like the majority of Argentine loves in fiction—of Saenz Rivas, the young historian and student, for Irene Aguirre, the daughter of well-born yet impoverished parents. The parents are opposed to the attentions of Saenz Rivas, and Irene, weak and vacillating in character, marries a wealthy and elderly political boss through whose aid her father intends winning a high position in the Government. Then she realizes, too late, the depth of her affection for Saenz Rivas, leaves her husband, and makes an attempt to join the young Argentine. She drives to meet him in her roadster on a stormy night, skids, and is mortally injured. The book closes with Saenz Rivas, broken-hearted, leaving Europe for Buenos Aires.

A simple plot undoubtedly, not particularly novel nor exciting, yet it is this very quality of naïveté which gives "El Destino de Irene Aguirre" its special charm. The style in which this tale of thwarted love is written is wholly pleasing, slightly more formal than the usual *idioma nacional*, yet far from being pedantic. "El Destino de Irene Aguirre" is not a great novel by any means, nor yet the work of a budding genius, but there is every reason to believe that Martin Aldao (hijo) will one day publish a satisfactory Argentine novel which will prove conclusively to foreign readers that in Buenos Aires and among the Argentines of any intellectual pretensions, fiction is not held in as low esteem as some local critics would have them believe.

Round about Parnassus

(*Continued from page* 124)

Living in the present almost entirely, as he did, the prospect immediately changed. That was enough. Tragedy was temporarily forgotten. The inherent irony is deep.

"Life of the Party" has in it all the stuff of a tragic three-act play. These two narratives seem, to us, the best. They both hinge on the desperate struggle to get on in the world. As to the sonnets, the first, concerning fame, is well-turned but not remarkable. The second sonnet is good, up to the final couplet, which seems rather tacked on. "Postscript," however, is arresting. "To an Unknown Passerby" is less good. And here again—the insistence on the passing of youth! A queer note for Weaver, at his age! And this new book is undeniably slight, though in his best work the still comparatively young poet gives new evidence of his keen observation of the life around him.

We refuse to take seriously Mr. Weaver's clumping into an easy-chair at this juncture in his career, and calling for his slippers. He should have a hundred more stories-in-verse to fashion for us in his old inimitable manner. He retains pronounced individuality. So we shan't be satisfied with just this.

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Points of View

Jeffers's Faith

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The article called Uneasy Death, by Mr. Louis Untermeyer, printed some time ago in your magazine (in the issue of April 19, to be specific), struck me as very misleading and not justified in the way that Mr. Untermeyer's unquestionable ability as poetry critic lies.

He speaks of Jeffers's propitious and superabundant force but feels in him the lack of a faith. How can anyone, even one superficially familiar with Jeffers's poetry, accuse him of a lack of faith? The highest point reached by Jeffers is to be found in his cosmic faith in eternity and human immortality.

I choose at random lines from "The Tower beyond Tragedy" which are soaked in the faith of humanity:

No desire but fulfilled; no passion but peace,
The pure flame and the white, fierier than any passion; no time by spheral eternity . . .

In "The Torch Bearer's Race," "Might," and in "The Truce and the Peace" such lines as:

The robbers triumphed, the roof burned overhead,
The eternal living and untroubled God Lying asleep upon a lily bed.
Men screamed, the bugles screamed, walls broke in the air,
We never knew till then that he was there—

could not have been written by one lacking a faith, or having only a little faith. It would be unjust to undervalue Jeffers's powerful faith by accepting Mr. Untermeyer's article as a true interpretation of his five-volume work.

One thinks of Nietzsche's, Shelley's, and Wordsworth's faith in connection with Jeffers—whose faith, too, is that mankind can best be saved and served by beginning with the cultivation and the salvation of the individual.

One feels that Jeffers has felt and lived his faith in every fibre of his being—not to feel or be moved by his faith is to miss Jeffers the poet and "the rhythm of that wheel"—but he "who can behold it is happy and will praise it to the people."

RUDOLPH GILBERT.
Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

Concerning Tolstoy

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

May I take exception to the statement in the review of "The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife," in your issue of June 28, that Tolstoy when past sixty still had "a passion for cards" and "was unable, even at so ripe an age as seventy, to rid himself of his love for gaming." This is quite untrue. The main facts of Tolstoy's life, no longer seriously in dispute, are plainly on record in the reliable Russian biographies by N. N. Gúsev and P. A. Birukóv, as well as in the two-volume English "Life of Tolstoy" recently issued in the Centenary Edition of his works. The plain truth is that after the year 1861 (when he was thirty-three) Tolstoy ceased to gamble and played cards merely as a domestic recreation, usually when too tired to play his favorite game, which was chess.

There is no ground at all for the assertion that "Lenin and Vronsky in 'Anna Karenina' were twins carved out of Tolstoy's own duality." In fact, there is no similarity between Vrónsky's personality and circumstances and Tolstoy's. When Tolstoy put himself into any of the characters in his novels (as he often did), his sympathy with such a character is always noticeable, whereas he shows no sympathy at all with Vrónsky and even finds it hard to be fair to him.

The reviewer tells us that "she (Countess Tolstoy) herself speaks of having copied the 'Essay on Art' ten times." If this refers to "What Is Art?" which I translated in close collaboration with Tolstoy—personally and by correspondence—I can confidently say it is untrue. If it relates to some one of the eight other essays recently issued in "What Is Art?" and "Essays on Art" in the World's Classics series, then (as they differ greatly in length) the statement conveys little unless we know what article it refers to. But it is fairly clear that the Countess's remark: "I have copied it ten times," was the rhetorical exaggeration of an exasperated woman, and to reproduce it in cold blood as a record of actual fact is merely to misapprehend the nature of the material dealt with.

I often felt much sympathy with the Countess in her very difficult position, when I talked to her and saw how ruthlessly she was attacked by Chertkóv, but I believe the "Life of Tolstoy" makes it abundantly clear that the vehement struggle between V. G. Chertkóv and the Countess was the direct cause of Tolstoy's home-leaving and death. A very extraordinary ten page letter Chertkóv wrote to Tolstoy three months before the latter's death, which is given in full in the last chapter of the "Life," makes it impossible to sympathize with the methods by which Chertkóv ultimately attained his aim; but to excuse the Countess for the ruthless tenacity of her struggle, which defeated itself, deprived her of all she was fighting for, and disregarding her husband's suffering drove him to his death, one has to remember that the doctors had already pronounced her to be suffering from paranoia, and she had developed a suicidal mania, preliminary symptoms of which had shown themselves many years previously. To treat her Diary as balanced, reliable evidence, not needing to be checked from other sources, is grossly unfair to Tolstoy, but for whose genius her book would be read by few.

The real value of her Diary, its obvious self-contradictions, and its due relation to the rest of the available evidence, are dealt with in the "Life of Tolstoy," of which Bernard Shaw has written: "Tolstoy is not even *à prendre ou à laisser.* You have to take him whether you like him or not, and take him as he is. This book, which will stand, I think, among the big biographies of our literature, *must* be read, no matter what you may try to think of its hero."

Curiously enough, though issued some months ago by the Oxford University Press in New York, it has not yet, as far as I know, been reviewed by a single American paper. Were it read, I venture to think such reviews as the one against which I am protesting would hardly be written.

AYLMER MAUDE.
Great Baddow, Chelmsford.

Emily Dickinson

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

While the investigations into the love affairs of Emily Dickinson might be a painful surprise to her could she know of them, they are simply amazing to those who supposed the legend was permanent that seeped from Amherst into the outside world on the first publication of her poems.

In the heyday of poetical enthusiasm my own joy in reading the poems was enhanced by the graphic reminiscences of a gifted German woman who had taught languages more than one summer at the Amherst Summer School, a few years after the death of Emily Dickinson, when her memory was still treasured by townspeople who had seen her, and known the story of her life. This teacher had boarded with the widow of a minister and was also the mother of Emily Dickinson's youthful lover whom her father had not only forbidden her to meet, but had commanded should never be admitted within the Dickinson front door. The story was fresh, apparently authentic, and thrilling as an important story of English village life: the same cruel father of high degree, his exquisite daughter, and her lowly suitor. The traditional New England Victorian father was very different from the present Georgian "dad;" stern and autocratic he was a formidable person. It is true to the period that when he issued his mandate, his characteristic Victorian daughter should have obeyed him literally, at the same time proving herself "a chip of the old block" by never again going in or out the front door forbidden to her lover. Even when death came, her casket must be carried through the same back door she had used in loyalty to him.

As the story went, the lover was graduated from college, then went to Hawaii as a missionary, not returning for a home visit until after the death of the woman he loved.

She, as all the world knows, became a recluse.

Although the poems are greater than any purported lover, it is curious to note how the contemporary gossip resembles yet differs from later literary research, and the impermanence of local fame is further illustrated by the experience of a friend of mine who, motoring through Amherst last summer, stopped at a drug store. During a course of refreshment she inquired where Emily Dickinson had lived. The surprised clerk replied that he had never heard of her.

EMILY R. SUGDEN.
Windsor, Conn.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be received later.

Biography

FRANCIS JOSEPH I, The Downfall of an Empire. By KARL TSCHUPPIK. Translated from the German by C. J. S. SPRIGGE. Harcourt, Brace. 1930. $3.75.

Of all the purely political results of the World War, the disappearance of the Hapsburg Monarchy is probably the most momentous; the extent of its social and economic significance has yet to be determined but there can be little question of its breadth. When we further consider that the chief factor of those holding the empire together was the dynasty, it is easy to discern the importance of Francis Joseph. Upon what he was or was not depended largely the fate of eastern Europe. Hence Herr Tschuppik's title: with Francis Joseph passed the dynasty (for Karl's brief reign was merely an epilogue) and inevitably the downfall of the Empire followed.

The author never forgets his underlying assumption, the identification of the Emperor with the empire. His biography, therefore, while it is rich in personal details selected for their value as cumulative evidence, is a biography of the state as much as of the individual. He begins with 1848 and ends with the death of the Emperor sixty-eight years later, November 21, 1916, when, as he avers, the empire "really died." There is so much of color in the story and so much of the personal in the author's treatment that the book can be read with interest even by those who know little of the background of Hapsburg history, a background without which it is impossible to explain the fateful errors that led to destruction. Serious scholars will also be grateful to Herr Tschuppik for his industry in the gathering of material and the objectivity of his presentation. He has a definite point of view; writes, as he says, in a "spirit of love and criticism," but is always insistent that the significance of this momentous chapter of history as well as of Francis Joseph's own personality, cannot be discovered by explanations but only by the presentation of actual facts. After all the pother over the "new biography" there is relief and reassurance in his method, colorful and convincing, permitting the drama to emerge from the ascertained facts instead of from the imaginative guesses of the biographer.

Fiction

PORTRAIT OF A REBEL. By NETTA SYRETT. Dodd, Mead. 1930. $2.50.

Recalling with bitterness the disappointments, restrictions, and misadventures of her Victorian girlhood, Pamela Thistlewaite *found happiness* in allying herself with one of the earliest crusades for women's rights. She had been brought up in a man-dominated household, educated to nothing better than a simpering female incompetence, and in no way provided with defenses against the wiles of the world. Her disastrous experiences only made her wish to keep other women from stumbling into the very pitfalls that had so nearly snuffed out her own spirit and courage. Such is the story that Netta Syrett tells; it is a biography of a rebel—a rebel in practice and theory against the late Victorian notions of female propriety and prerogative.

The novel suffers from an attempt to cover too much ground. Setting out to relate the whole of Pamela's long and full career, it has to gallop a bit breathlessly in its later chapters. Throughout the narrative, the emphasis is on the history of an entire life, rather than on close-knit, intensive developments of character. This is not to say that Pamela's character is not carefully developed; on the contrary, it is consistent and well-rounded. On the whole, the novel manages to hang together fairly well, in spite of its lack of compactness, and it is almost always interesting; some of the minor characters are excellent, and many of the incidents have an undeniable vitality. Furthermore, we feel that it is a thoroughly honest novel, written sincerely from the author's heart.

IN THE RED. By ROY MILTON ILIFF. Stokes. 1930. $2.50.

"Out of the Yellow" one might prefix to the title of this novel, narrating the story of a mother's pet who finally redeems his cowardice by dying for his country. If it is a first novel, it is a pardonably juvenile performance, psychologically false and told in the wrong medium. We are asked to believe that Ernie Baird was a sensitive and imaginative boy thwarted by a mother's love. We fail to find anything more than mawkish sentimentality in him. A really sensitive spirit would have been outraged, by such a vulgar and crass environment, would have recoiled early from his selfish, preying mother, would have renounced that fragment of manhood because it was fostered by his mother's dependence on him.

There is not a shred of poetry in the book. Instead of conveying the inarticulate Ernie's craving for beauty in some subtle manner, the author forces upon his hero such irritating outlets as "Doggone it." As a matter of fact, Mr. Iliff deprives himself of the correct mode of expressing that sense of beauty by employing the stream-of-consciousness method. Had he written his tale objectively, he might have been able to suggest all that Ernie himself was unable to express. Incidentally, in the beginning, the saga of a character at the age of five, to be carried through until he was twenty-one, entails recording accurately the changing thoughts and all the intricacies of a growing child, a task for a Chekov. In attempting to photograph Ernie's mind through the vicissitudes of time, Mr. Iliff has only succeeded in making him talk out of character.

Stylistically, the book damns itself. Mr. Iliff's cinematographic method, his broken, disjointed, and unfinished sentences, his stammerings and stutterings, his onomatopoetic Arfs and Mfs and Blams and Plops retard rather than assist the reader towards conviction. There is no attempt at craftsmanship or any of the literary refinements. Fully as cheap and melodramatic as the characters is the scenic background.

The most charitable thing one can say about the book is that it is charged with energy and that it includes many pithy truths. But these truths are served on such a soiled and untidy platter that one's appetite is taken away.

EXIT. By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT. Appleton. 1930. $2.

Mr. Wright early vaccinates himself against criticism, observing that the sophisticated and worldly-wise will "laugh with hard laughter" at this story, calling it sentimental bosh, "and they will not hesitate to cry it down before the world." But "I know that I am not so skilled in the art of writing as these proud, unemotional dealers in words; I am only more honest." If honesty is a purely subjective quality, no one can dispute that Mr. Wright has it; he sets down what he sees, and his popularity indicates that millions of other people see the same things, at least after he points them out.

What he points out in this story is that all the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players, and that possibly the best thing a man can do is to make a good exit; also that a great artist must be a great soul, and that the love of money is the root of all evil. The emotional high point of the story is the scene in which the hero, too virtuous to fondle the fleshly form of his beloved who is wedded to another, fondles instead the wire dummy on which she has been fitting the dress she is making, and thus betrays his secret (though of course nothing comes of it, since she is virtuous too). As between Wrights, some prefer Harold Bell and some Willard Huntington; others, well able to get along without either, may still admire them both for their success in meeting widespread consumer demands.

THE CHARIOTEER. By JOHN PRESLAND (Gladys Skelton). Appleton. 1930. $2.50.

What begins as a realistic picture of domestic life in Brighton before the war —done with malicious insight, but much sympathy—presently becomes a tale of the rivalry between two sisters, Shirley and Fredegonde Bellairs, concert artists and ultimately mistresses of the same man. The story rises to a wildly melodramatic climax; and by way of relief, in its later half, there is nothing but the picture of the struggles of Mohun Fortescue, who was in love with Shirley, against his hereditary dipsomania. The contrast between the sisters is done well enough, but when they come to personify the Spirit of Man and the Beast in Man the reader feels not only that it is not worth going on, but that it was not worth coming that far.

The author deserves citation, however, for two rare merits—she depicts a Russian who, though otherwise he behaves most Russianly, does not talk about his soul; and she says *in mediis rebus*, a phrase which most novelists seem to believe exists only in the accusative.

(*Continued on next page*)

»» *These are Just Out* ««

John Marsh; Pioneer

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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ROPE, KNIFE AND CHAIR. By GUY B. H. LOGAN. Duffield. 1930.

Mr. Logan has found an alluring title for his new collection of murder histories. Unfortunately for this reader his accounts are too brief to work up a full and satisfying thrill. In order to be able to lose yourself in a murder you must be told all about it. In this book of moderate length fifteen cases of varying degrees of interest are dealt with. Surely the author would have been better advised to omit the more commonplace crimes such as Allaway's, John Williams's, and David Roberts's, and give more space say, to the ineffable Jesse Pomeroy. There's a murderer! a phenomenon of horror that stimulates one's curiosity to the highest degree. Jesse Pomeroy deserves a whole fat book to himself. He only gets sixteen pages of this one. Also it was made in America. We don't have to go abroad for our murders.

The author rather damages his tales by giving vent to moral strictures upon murder and murderers. All murder fans, I think, will agree that this is beside the mark. It is really not necessary. We will not become murderers through the reading of murder books; on the contrary, such books provide a safety valve for our homicidal tendencies, if any. Murder fans are notoriously the gentlest of men. Catch a murderer reading a murder book! The conscious mind deplores murder and regulates our lives accordingly; the unconscious revels in murder and, restive under control, finds release in a rattling murder book. For that reason moral homilies are impertinent. The authors we love best are those who attend strictly to their tales, and let the moral implications take care of themselves.

BEFORE AND AFTER PROHIBITION. By *Millard E. Tydings*. Macmillan. $2.

BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND. By *M. A. DeWolfe Howe*. Harvard University Press. $2.50.

PEN NAMES AND PERSONALITIES. By *Annie Russell Marble*. Appleton. $2.50.

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STUNTS OF ALL KINDS. By *Catherine Atkinson Miller*. Smith. $1.50 net.

THE ARYABHATIYA OF ARYABHATA. By *Walter E. Clark*. University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

IDEAL MARRIAGE. By *Thomas H. Van de Velde*. Covici-Friede. $7.50.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB. By *Rebecca McCann*. Covici-Friede. $2.

War

BRITISH DOCUMENTS ON THE ORIGINS OF THE WAR, 1898-1914, Vol. VI: *Anglo-German Tension, Armaments* and Negotiation, 1907-12. Edited by G. P. GOOCH and HAROLD TEMPERLEY. London: H. M. Stationery Office. 1930.

The latest volume in this vitally important series covers, as the title indicates, the period when British relations with Germany assumed the position of chief significance in foreign policy, a period of constantly increasing tension. As might be expected, the main question of discussion was naval armament; the papers revealing the course of negotiations designed to provide for limitation by mutual agreement between Great Britain and Germany, as well as those dealing with the German proposal for a political formula preliminary. to such limitation, are published in great fulness. Of only slightly less significance are the documents dealing with Persia and the Bagdad Railway. The history of the Morocco crisis of 1911, which nearly brought the two nations to the verge of war over Agadir, is reserved for a separate volume. The interest of the volume can be guessed from the fact that very full, if not absolutely final light is thrown upon such events as the Kaiser's visit to Windsor in November 1907, the *Daily Telegraph* interview, the Gwinner-Cassel negotiations of 1909, the Haldane Mission of 1912.

Any attempt to generalize upon the question of war responsibility as affected by this volume would be premature and must wait upon the completion of the series. It is impossible, however, to escape the feeling that Great Britain and Germany, having passed through the terrific tension of this period, were on the high road to discovering a *modus vivendi* if only the situation had not been disturbed by external factors arising from Austro-Russian rivalry in the Near East. The thesis that the war should be regarded not as an affair between the Western Powers but as an Eastern conflict is at least tentatively strengthened.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquires in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea S.W.3, London.

Albert P. Lang, Brookline, Mass., comes to the aid of C. M. G., Boulder, Colorado, with a book about strolling actors.

"A BOOK of short stories of stage life in Ireland" says he, "entitled 'Fish and Actors,' exemplifies the trials and tribulations of actors of the barnstorming order, or what are technically called 'fit-up' actors. An introduction of thirty-two pages gives explanatory matter concerning the strolling players, their modes of life, the construction of their meagre scenery, and other details that I think will interest the inquirer. Such 'fit-ups' are prevalent in England and Scotland. The book was published in 1925 in England, and was issued later by Brentano of New York. The author is Graham Sutton, whose previous works were 'Who Travels Alone' (a novel) and 'Some Contemporary Dramatists.' "

C. H., Hugo, Okla., asks for books on folk drama in America and elsewhere, but especially in America.

"CAROLINA FOLK-PLAYS" (Holt), of which several volumes have appeared, come as near to true American folk drama as we are likely to come in a country that was, so to speak, born middle-aged. The introductions to these volumes, and to the plays given in them, will be found valuable in this study. See also "The Little Country Theatre," by Alfred Arvoid (Macmillan), which describes among other matters the composition of plays by students at an agricultural college of the Northwest, out of material and on themes arising from their everyday life. For the subject in general, a pamphlet just published by the press of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C., will be of high usefulness. This is "Folklore," by Ralph Steele Boggs, an outline of folk literature for individual and group study. It costs fifty cents and may be used as a club program, books consulted being listed.

T. H., Montreux-Territet, France, asks for books that give detailed, practical instruction on how to write a moving picture text.

ONE may as well admit—though I am glad to see that France has not admitted it—that the talkie will edge out the silent film from the field. In that case one saves time by beginning with Pitkin and Marston's "The Art of Sound Pictures" (Appleton), the pioneer book on how to write for them. The publications of the Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Mass., on this subject, especially "Writing the Photoplay," "The Feature Photoplay," and "Photodrama," have been widely used. "Sound Motion Pictures," by Harold B. Franklin (Doubleday, Doran), shows their manufacture from laboratory to screen.

M. H., Gainesville, Florida, studying Spanish painting from 1200 to 1900, asks if any one book covers the entire period, or if two or three could do it collectively—books in print and not beyond an individual pocketbook. In addition, the titles and authors of biographies of Goya, Ribera, Velasquez, El Greco, and Murillo would be appreciated, and, in especial, anything on the School of Madrid.

C. H. CAFFIN'S "Story of Spanish Painting" (Century) is a popular account much used in public libraries. "The School of Madrid" is the subject of a book with this title by A. de Beruete y Moret (Scribner); in the same series is "Painters of the School of Seville," by Sentenach y Cabanas (Scribner). "The National Gallery: The Netherlands, Germany, Spain," by C. J. Holmes (Harcourt, Brace) is a scholarly, well-illustrated work on the examples of these schools in the gallery on Trafalgar Square, where some fine specimens of Spanish painting are to be found.

"Goya as Portrait Painter," by Beruete y Moret, beautifully illustrated, is published in a limited edition by Houghton Mifflin. Stokes's "Francesco Goya," is published by Putnam, and "The Proverbs of Goya" by Houghton Mifflin. Two small and inexpensive books, E. V. Lucas's "Velasquez" (Doubleday, Doran) and S. L. Bensusan's "Velasquez" (Stokes) are each in a series in which similar volumes on Murillo, by the same critics, appear; E. M. Hurll's "Murillo" is published by Houghton Mifflin. The only biography of El Greco in English seems to be the novelized version of his life and work, "The Bird of God," by Virginia Hersch (Harper), which keeps quite closely to the record, but Julius Maier-Graefe's "The Spanish Journey" (Harcourt, Brace) should be added to the El Greco books—oh, let us be learned about it, and say the books about Dominico Theotocopuli—for this eminent and genial German critic started his journey in search of Velasquez canvases and transferred his affection to El Greco *en route*.

R. H. T., New York, asks me to suggest a thoroughly interesting new book for a bookish person, preferably non-fiction.

ONE I could choose, and I suppose I must be that sort of person, would be "The Englishman and his Books in the Early Nineteenth Century," by Amy Cruse; it has just appeared in London, but I suppose, as her other books were so rapidly published in America, that this one soon will be. It tells just what people—not bookish people—did read by and large when the great names were getting into the histories of literature; it is often amusing, always fascinating—if you like people and books—and informing in an easy, comfortable way. "Those Earnest Victorians," by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford (Morrow), is another that will keep any reader of Victorian novels dashing on from chapter to chapter; it is far more sympathetic than Strachey's "Eminent Victorians"—though by no means sentimental—and does not take the biographical method but proceeds by subjects such as "The Squire and his Relations," "The Cult of the Double Bed," or "The Gothic Revival" to take that background out of the fiction of the day and set it before the reader in full color, not neglecting its political features. And if this person should have missed at the time of its first appearance the best book about the conduct of an actual bookshop that I have read, Madge Jenison's "Sunwise Turn" (Dutton), he should be told that a new edition of it has just been brought out, and I don't know better reading for the bookish or for booksellers either. "A Human Comedy of Bookselling," she calls it, and I call it charming and have done so from the first. Owen Wister's "Roosevelt" (Macmillan) is another book that fills this bill; people who love books are likely to read gladly about people who unfeignedly loved them and this "story of a friendship" is full of gay and bouncing bits. I would be glad if the reading-club that has just asked me for a list of books to read aloud would add this to the one I have sent them; I can seldom print requests from clubs in this column, though many are answered by mail, but an equipment of books to last through a whole winter would spread over more space than I have at my disposal. In one respect—I trust in no more—this department is like an iceberg; five-sixths of it is below the surface.

B. de M. M., Washington, D. C., replies to *E. L. M.* of the same city, in regard to lives of Hamilton that he is now reading a copy of "Life and Times of Alexander Hamilton," by Samuel M. Smucker, A. M., Philadelphia, G. G. Evans, 1860, copyrighted in 1856 by J. W. Bradley, Philadelphia, and is reading it with pleasure during the hot weather. "I believe I love its old-fashioned flowery expressions and courtesies of speech."

Friends of this department are asked to overlook any incoherencies that may have slipped into this instalment. The Reader's Guide has just set up an office cat of distinguished antecedents, born, so to speak, to the purple, for his mother is Angeline, the office cat of the *Times*, famous as the best ratter in E.C.4, and he was born in a steel file in one of its editorial offices. Angeline's kittens are always in demand and this edition was largely over-subscribed, but claims were waived in favor of the *Saturday Review of Literature* as a gesture of international amity, a sort of paws-across-the-sea. His name, for obvious reasons, is John Walter; he is at present some six inches long exclusive of tail, but his charm and intelligence are out of all proportion to his size. Of these I say no more: my Puritan reserve begins to crack. His passage is already booked on the *Ile de France*.

One of the most complete histories of the development of Russian art that is available has recently made its appearance in Philipp Schweinfurth's "Geschichte der Russischen Malerei im Mittelalter" (The Hague: Nyhoff). The volume consists of some 480 pages of text, a list of illustrations, and an index. It is profusely illustrated.

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Books on Typography

THIS department is in occasional receipt of letters similar to the following:

"I have become interested in typography chiefly through the weekly perusal of your articles in the *Saturday Review*. However, I find that they are quite beyond the depths of my unschooled mind, and I am therefore writing to enquire if you would recommend some books on typography for the beginner. 'Etienne' and 'Caslon' intrigue me, but I shouldn't know them if I saw them, and I desire to pick up a 'speaking acquaintance' with such terms through the study of a few not too technical books on the subject. W. M. S."

Inquiries like this are natural, and while not so difficult to answer, the inquirers must realize that printing is simple in its fundamental practices and extremely intricate in its details, both historically and technically. In particular, the minute differences in type faces are not easy for the novice, because of the very great multitude of them and the fine shadings of varieties. Still, if one will go at the study in a methodical fashion, not expecting to be able to understand all the minutiæ at once, it is an interesting and fascinating excursion into design, style, and fashion.

The best book on types, their varieties, provenience, and best use, is undoubtedly "Printing Types, a Study in Survivals," by Daniel Berkeley Updike of The Merrymount Press, published by the Harvard University Press. Mr. Updike knows types historically, and he is one of the ablest practitioners of printing today.

An older but still invaluable book on type is "Plain Printing Types," by Theodore L. DeVinne. While lacking in the fine discriminating taste of Updike, DeVinne knew a great deal about type; he gives more information as to the current classifications of type faces, and his book shows many faces not mentioned in Updike's.

For the history of printing, with many references to type and type designers, there are the general works by John Clyde Oswald and Douglas C. McMurtrie, as well as innumerable monographs on special presses and printers. These, however, do not provide much detailed information about types themselves.

The study of type styles and varieties, based on such treatises as Updike's, needs to be supplemented with examples of printing of the past, and for such supplementary study there is no better book than "Four Centuries of Fine Printing," by Stanley Morison. This book is one of reproductions of printed pages of the past in great variety, an album of printers' exercises admirably selected from the best work of all time, and fairly well reproduced by the gelatine process. It is an invaluable source book.

While it is not perhaps strictly pertinent, it would be well for any student to become familiar with "An Introduction to Bibliography," by McKerrow, for in its pages there is a wealth of information about printing practices of the past, giving a clue to much that is otherwise obscure to the novice.

So much for the standard books on the subject of type. In these volumes there will be found a good many references to other treatises on the founding of letters and on their use in printing. But perhaps the very best source of information, after one has got some idea of the range of the subject, are type-founders' specimen books. These have been issued in great variety for over four hundred years, and they are extraordinarily interesting to the student of type and printing. Every printer worth the name has a small or large collection of them, but the two great public collections are those of the Newberry Library in Chicago and the Typographic Library and Museum of the American Type Founders Co. in Jersey City, N. J. These collections are worth seeing and possess an immense amount of material pertaining to the art of type design and type use.

We hope that this short list—in no wise presuming to more than a cursory view of the field—will enable the inquiring reader to direct his study of the subject of type along lines which are informative and suggestive. R.

Two Small Sets

IT was a gently despairing critic who vented his dissatisfaction in verse to the following effect:

O I am so sick of the Big Things—
The Big with a Big, Big B—
The Important Things that are Strictly Such,
The Great Big Things That Matter So Much—

Some such spiritual reaction sets in when one is confronted with Great Big Tomes which have only their size to commend them—and that hardly a sufficient commendation. For if there is occasional warrant for big books—thick books—padded volumes—the reduced space available for books in almost all modern living quarters makes the constant issuing of large books almost absurd. In fact, the publisher who has the gift of knowing just what size and shape a book ought to be, who can hit to a nicety the relative importance of a book in terms of bulk and size, is a rarity—and even he has little opportunity to develop his skill because of the insatiable demands of the trade for something which will catch the eye of the buyer.

It is therefore with some delight that we welcome the appearance of two sets of books in modest format, sets of which the contents is of worth and value.

THREE STORIES BY WASHINGTON IRVING: Rip Van Winkle, The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, The Great Mississippi Bubble. New York: Random House. 1930.

THESE three comely sextodecimos have been printed by the Walpole Printing Office, the format varied slightly for each book in the set. The plan of the volumes is not so good in details as it should be; specifically, the type page is not well proportioned, and the paper is too heavy for such small volumes. Much care has been taken with the details of composition, as one would expect from the printers, but a small volume must be printed on thin paper, no matter what the bulk becomes thereby.

TARTARIN OF TARASCON. By ALPHONSE DAUDET. Translated by JACQUES LECLERCQ. Drawings by W. A. DWIGGINS. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1930.

MR. DWIGGINS has produced for the Limited Editions Club a set of Tartarin which is decidedly satisfactory. The two volumes are in thick sextodecimo format, the binding being in black cloth back, with gilt stamping of ornamental design, and printed paper sides. The composition is in Baskerville type, printed on a mellow, toned, flexible paper, at the Georgian Press.

Title-pages and many small sketches are admirably done; Mr. Dwiggins as an illustrator excels in such unconventional, almost offhand, drawing. And of course these fit the text of Daudet's classic better than a more formal treatment.

Altogether this latest of the Limited Editions Club's publications is a "bookish" success. There is an adequate sense of the way in which such a story ought to be told in both type and pictures. R.

Hugh Ross Williamson, who in addition to being a journalist is the author of several plays, is to succeed the late St. John Adcock as editor of the London *Boo*

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O loaf at hame, my noble fere;
Seek public bars; shun this abysm!
The critic carles maun cost thee dear
On the dowie houms o' Humanism. . . .

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Humanist to be;
But bid me love and I will give
An Inner Check to thee. . . .

I will love more than man ever loved before me,
Gaze on her all the night, melt all the day;
Till, for the world's sake, at last she'll implore me,
"What do you think Professor More would say!" . . .

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at More. . . .

I remember, I remember
The night with stars was peppered
When I enjoyed swell poetry
Nor read Professor Shepard;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To learn that "Reynard the Fox" is bilge
And Masefield is a Boy. . . .

O, young Rebeccá, whose surname is West,
Through all the thick Bookman *her pen was the best,*
She staid not for brake and she stopped not for stone,
She waded through Babbitt where ford there was none;
But ere she alighted at Collins his gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a Pelion on Ossa of scholarly schism
Had entombed the fair Collins in deep Humanism. . . .

If there were only anything lively about the new dispensation! What we are, we guess, is a Humanbeingist. Let it go at that. We are certainly not of the elect nor of the Saved." . . .

We prefer to read *John Riddell*. "The John Riddell Murder Case," published by Scribner, with illustrations by *Covarrubias*, is, of course, a collection of Riddell's stuff in *Vanity Fair*, but he has set it all into a framework that is a parody of *S. S. Van Dine*. Worth buying. Get it. . . .

We like illustrated books for children like "Something Perfectly Silly" by *Marni* and *Harrie Wood* (Alfred A. Knopf). The pictures do remind of the style of the late *Claud Lovat Fraser*, but they are bright and delightful in their own right, though the limericks, we must say, are pretty feeble. . . .

The Stanford University Press has acquired *Hartley Jackson*, one of the leading San Francisco typographers, as their typographic designer. He will be wholly responsible for the physical qualities of Stanford books hereafter. The first book to be issued under his direction will appear this fall. It is "Imagism and the Imagists," by *Glenn Hughes*. . . .

We recently found the moving picture critic of the *New York Times* using the locution, "the incidents are suspenseful." We are at last sitting up and taking a little nourishment, but we were pretty sick for a while. . . .

When *Earl Derr Biggers* produces a mystery story it is usually genuine entertainment. Bobbs-Merrill is publishing his latest on the fifteenth of this month under the title of "Charlie Chan Carries On." We think it ought to be worth your while. . . .

The translators of *José Maria de Hérédia's* "The Trophies" were lately awarded a special medal by the French Academy. The book was published last year by the John Day Company and the recipients are *John Myers O'Hara* of New York, author of "Pagan Sonnets," "Threnodies," etc., and *John Herwey*, a poet, journalist, and critic who has been for thirty-seven years a resident of Chicago. . . .

We have not yet mentioned the *All-America Magazine*, a new publishing venture worth your while to inquire into. All communications should be addressed to *Joseph Ellner, All-America Magazine*, 15 East 40th Street, this city, Room 1200-A. . . .

Rosamond Lehmann's new novel, "A Note in Music" (Holt), is the September selection of the English Book Society and is called by *Sylvia Lynd* "fine and polished and beautiful." It is just out over here. . . .

Hamlin Garland's "Roadside Meetings" (Macmillan) contains anecdotes of a number of the late great in America and elsewhere. Starting with *Dr. Edward Everett Hale* and *Edwin Booth*, we meet, among others, *Lowell, Ingersoll*, and *James A. Herne, Mr. Howells, Riley, "Hop" Smith, Thomas Nelson Page, Gilder, Bill Nye, John Fox, Miss Wilkins*, and so on. Chapter sixteen is a particularly interesting one upon *Stephen Crane*. In it Garland says that at one time Crane would have traded his entire future for twenty-three dollars in cash. There are anecdotes of *Kipling*. Garland tells how he showed the late *Sir Arthur Conan Doyle* how American baseball curves were pitched. It's that sort of book, a rambling record, yet of no inconsiderable interest. . . .

After a year of calm The Seizin Press, Deya, Mallorca, Spain, announces that it is renewing the publication of necessary books. It begins again with "Though Gently," by *Laura Riding*, an informal handbook of values, and "No Trouble," by *Len Lye*, familiar letters by the maker of the film "Tusalava." These will appear this fall; and next spring they will publish "To Whom Else?" by *Robert Graves*, a dedicatory volume of prose and poems, "Laura and Francisca," by *Laura Riding*, a historical and topographical poem, and "Of Others," by *The Seizin*, a critical pamphlet. All of these will be hand-set and hand-printed on hand-made paper, quarto, in limited editions of two hundred copies sold at twenty-five shillings each. Len Lye is their cover-man. . . .

Ellis Parker Butler has been having his fling at the Drug-Store Book in "Dollarature," published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. His own book sells for fifty cents. He says that when they got around to thinking about the merchandizing of the novel the first thing to be done was to think of eggs. "The thinker who sat down to think about eggs may have intended to think about literature, but you know how a fellow's mind shifts around—." America, we gather, has become (figuratively) egg-minded. Well, it's certainly reflected in our slang—"He's a good egg," "Old egg," etc. Then think of the thousands of eggs consumed at quick-lunch-counters and in soft drinks. Sometime ago *Sherwood Anderson* wrote "The Triumph of the Egg." Sherwood was a prophet! Butler speaks of "the application of the Egg-of-the-Week System to the book business." What he says about trying to make a book so democratic that everyone will buy one is a shrewd comment. If it just naturally isn't, on the face of it, the publishers will try to make it appear so. You can imagine the agony of some of these shy, retiring books! But books with an inferiority complex have just got to get over it. It's really much better to be a human being these days. We can choose our own friends. But—Gosh!—a book can't! A book nowadays has got to be a good mixer and know how to tell the latest funny stories and slap people on the back and ask after the folks. A book has just got to be "folksy." No one has any use for the superior sort of book that tries to be high-hat. They represent the "In the Red" menace which is worse than the Red Menace. They are subversive of Modern American Institutions. . . .

"Dollarature" is amusing and pretty sound. The soundest thing about it is the remark that "in books, in the long run, quality is an important factor." Strangely enough, that does seem to be true, whatever novelties may come and go. . . .

So—

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